



<36621521890017

<36621521890017

Bayer. Staatsbibliothek

P. o. angl. 284-13

~~Oct¹⁶ 2777²~~

D. Lang. 2.

T H E

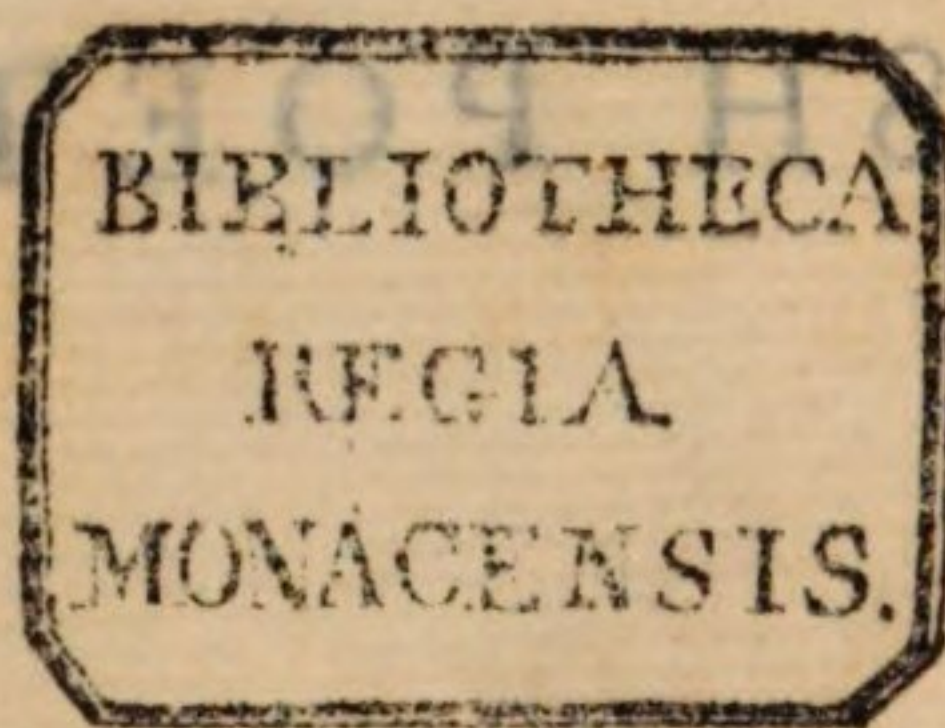
BRITISH POETS.

V O L. XIII.

E D I N B U R G H:

Printed for A. KINCAID and W. CREECH,
and J. BALFOUR.

M, DCC, LXXIII.



VOL. XII

EDINBURGH:

Printed for A. KINCARD and W. GREGG,
and J. BALFOUR.

MDCCLXXXIII.

THE
WORKS

VOLUME I
OF
VIRGIL,

TRANSLATED BY
JOHN DRYDEN, Esq;

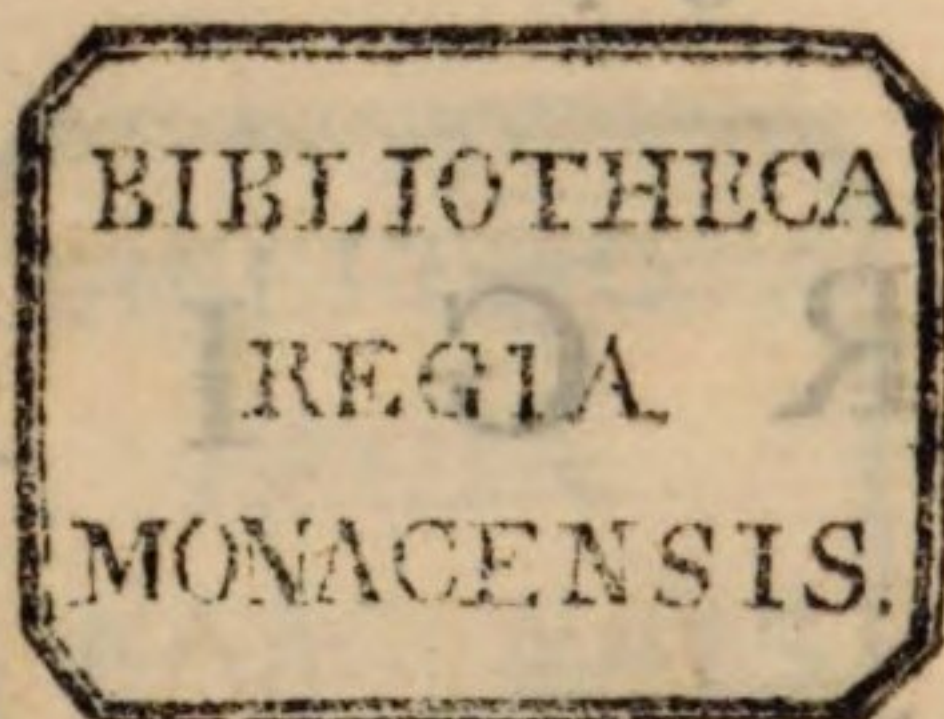
IN THREE VOLUMES.

VOL. V.

EDINBURGH:

Printed for A. KINCAID and W. CREECH,
and J. BALFOUR.

M, DCC, LXXIII.



JOHN DRYDEN, Esq.

IN THREE VOLUMES

VOL. I.

EDINBURGH:

Printed for A. KINCARD and W. GERRARD,
and J. BALFOUR.

MDCCLXXIII.

P R E F A C E

T O T H E

P A S T O R A L S

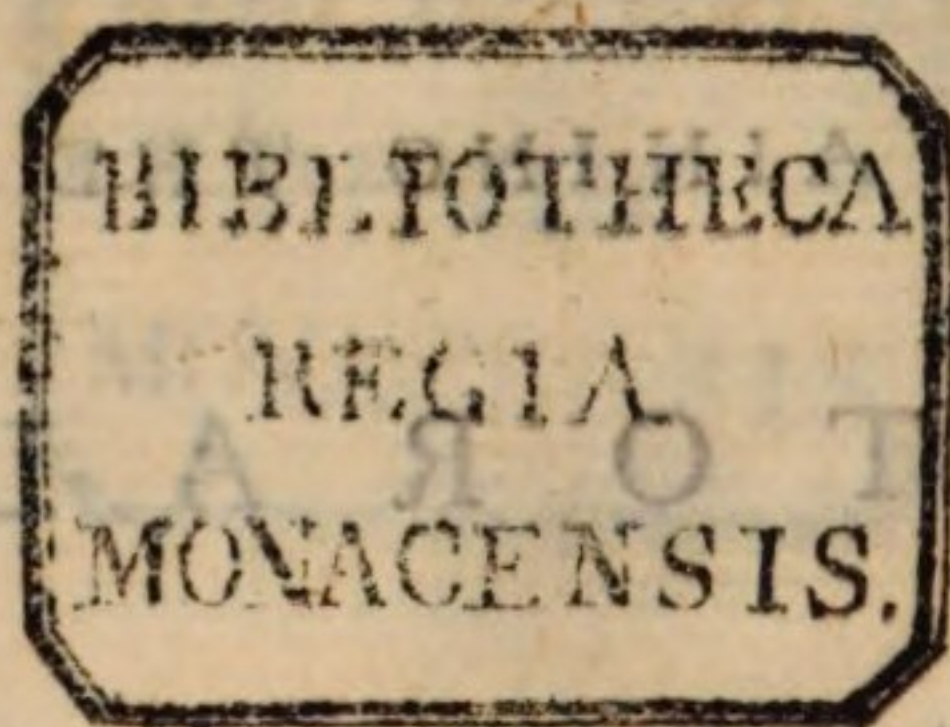
VOLUME I.

CONTAINING THE

P A S T O R A L S,

AND THE

G E O R G I C S.



P R E F A C E

T O T H E

P A S T O R A L S,

With a short D E F E N C E of

V I R G I L,

Against some of the Reflections of Monsieur
Fontenelle.

AS the writings of greatest antiquity are in verse, so, of all sorts of poetry, pastorals seem the most ancient; being formed upon the model of the first innocence, and simplicity, which the moderns, better to dispense themselves from imitating, have wisely thought fit to treat as fabulous, and impracticable; and yet they, by obeying the unsophisticated dictates of nature, enjoyed the most valuable blessings of life; a vigorous health of body, with a constant serenity and freedom of mind; whilst we, with all our fanciful refinements, can scarcely pass an autumn without some access of a fever, or a whole day, not ruffled by some unquiet passion. He was not then looked upon as a very old man, who reached to a greater number of years, than in these times an ancient family can reasonably pretend to; and we know the names of several who saw, and practised the world for a longer space of time, than we can

read the account of in any one entire body of history. In short, they invented the most useful arts, Pasturage, Tillage, Geometry, Writing, Music, Astronomy, &c. Whilst the moderns, like extravagant heirs, made rich by their industry, ingratefully deride the good old gentlemen who had left them the estate. It is not therefore to be wondered at, that pastorals are fallen into disesteem, together with that fashion of life upon which they were grounded. And methinks I see the reader already uneasy at this part of Virgil, counting the pages, and posting to the *Æneis*; so delightful an entertainment is the very relation of public mischief and slaughter now become to mankind: And yet Virgil passed a much different judgement on his own works: He valued most this part, and his *Georgics*, and depended upon them for his reputation with posterity: But censures himself in one of his letters to Augustus, for meddling with heroics, the invention of a degenerating age. This is the reason that the rules of pastoral are so little known or studied. Aristotle, Horace, and the *Essay of Poetry*, take no notice of it. And Mr Boileau, one of the most accurate of the moderns, because he never loses the ancients out of his sight, bestows scarce half a page on it.

It is the design therefore of the few following pages, to clear this sort of writing from vulgar prejudices; to vindicate our author from some unjust imputations; to look into some of the rules of this sort of poetry, and inquire what sort of versification is most proper for it; in which point we are so much inferior to the ancients, that this consideration alone were enough to make some writers think as they ought, that is, meanly, of their own performances.

As all sorts of poetry consist in imitation, pastoral is the imitation of a shepherd considered under that character: It is requisite therefore to be a little informed of the condition and qualification of these shepherds.

One of the ancients has observed truly, but satirically enough, that mankind is the measure of every thing; and thus, by a gradual improvement of this mistake, we come to make our own age and country the rule and standard of others, and ourselves at last the measure of them all. We figure the ancient country-men like our own, leading a painful life in poverty and contempt, without wit, or courage, or education: But men had quite different notions of these things for the first four thousand years of the world; health and strength were then in more esteem than the refinements of pleasure; and it was accounted a great deal more honourable to till the ground, or keep a flock of sheep, than to dissolve in wantonness and effeminating sloth. Hunting has now an idea of quality joined to it, and is become the most important business in the life of a gentleman; anciently it was quite otherwise. Mr Fleury has severely remarked, that this extravagant passion for hunting is a strong proof of our Gothic extraction, and shews an affinity of humour with the savage Americans. The barbarous Franks and other Germans, (having neither corn nor wine of their own growth,) when they passed the Rhine, and possessed themselves of countries better cultivated, left the tillage of the land to the old proprietors; and afterwards continued to hazard their lives as freely for their diversion, as they had done before for their necessary subsistence. The English gave this usage the sacred stamp of fashion, and

from hence it is that most of our terms of hunting are French. The reader will, I hope, give me his pardon for my freedom on this subject, since an ill accident, occasioned by hunting, has kept England in pain, these several months together, for one of the * best and greatest peers which she has bred for some ages; no less illustrious for civil virtues and learning, than his ancestors were for all their victories in France.

But there are some prints still left of the ancient esteem for husbandry, and their plain fashion of life, in many of our sir-names, and in the escutcheons of the most ancient families, even those of the greatest kings, the Roses, the Lillies, the Thistle, &c. It is generally known, that one of the principal causes of the deposing of Mahomet the IV. was, that he would not allot part of the day to some manual labour, according to the law of Mahomet, and ancient practise of his predecessors. He that reflects on this will be the less surprized to find that Charlemaign, eight hundred years ago, ordered his children to be instructed in some profession. And eight hundred years yet higher, that Augustus wore no cloaths but such as were made by the hands of the empress and her daughters; and Olympias did the same for Alexander the Great. Nor will he wonder that the Romans, in great exigency, sent for their Dictator from the plow, whose whole estate was but of four acres; too little a spot now for the orchard or kitchen-garden of a private gentleman. It is commonly known, that the founders of three the most renowned monarchies in the world were shepherds: And the subject of

* The Duke of Shrewsbury.

husbandry has been adorned by the writings and labour of more than twenty kings. It ought not therefore to be matter of surprize to a modern writer, that kings, the shepherds of the people in Homer, laid down their first rudiments in tending their mute subjects; nor that the wealth of Ulysses consisted in flocks and herds, the intendants over which were then in equal esteem with officers of state in later times. And therefore Eumæus is called *δῖος ὑφ' ὧς* in Homer: not so much because Homer was a lover of a country-life, to which he rather seems averse, but by reason of the dignity and greatness of his trust, and because he was the son of a king, stolen away, and sold by the Phenician pirates, which the ingenious Mr Cowley seems not to have taken notice of. Nor will it seem strange, that the master of the horse to king Latinus, in the ninth Æneid, was found in the homely employment of cleaving blocks, when news of the first skirmish betwixt the Trojans and Latins was brought to him.

Being therefore of such quality, they cannot be supposed so very ignorant and unpolished; the learning and good breeding of the world was then in the hands of such people. He who was chosen by the consent of all parties to arbitrate so delicate an affair as, which was the fairest of the three celebrated beauties of heaven; he who had the address to debauch away Helen from her husband, her native country, and from a crown, understood what the French call by the too soft name of *gallanterie*; he had accomplishments enough, how ill use soever he made of them. It seems therefore that Mr F. had not duly considered the matter, when he reflected so severely upon Virgil, as if he had not observed the laws of decency in his pastorals, in ma-

king shepherds speak to things besides their character, and above their capacity. ‘ He stands amazed, that shepherds should thunder out, as he expresses himself, the formation of the world, and that too according to the system of Epicurus. In truth, says he, page 176. I cannot tell what to make of this whole piece; (the Sixth Past.) I can neither comprehend the design of the author, nor the connexion of the parts; first come the ideas of philosophy, and presently after those incoherent fables,’ &c. To expose him yet more, he subjoins. ‘ It is Silenus himself who makes all this absurd discourse. Virgil says indeed that he had drank too much the day before; perhaps the debauch hung in his head when he composed this poem,’ &c. Thus far Mr F. who, to the disgrace of reason, as himself ingenuously owns, first built his house, and then studied architecture; I mean first composed his eclogues, and then studied the rules. In answer to this, we may observe, first, that this very pastoral which he singles out to triumph over, was recited by a famous player on the Roman theatre, with marvellous applause; inso-much that Cicero, who had heard part of it only, ordered the whole to be rehearsed, and, struck with admiration of it, conferred then upon Virgil the glorious title of

‘ Magnae spes altera Romae.

Nor is it old Donatus only who relates this; we have the same account from another very credible and ancient author: so that here we have the judgment of Cicero, and the people of Rome, to confront the single opinion of this adventrous critic. A man ought to be

well assured of his own abilities, before he attack an author of established reputation. If Mr F. had perused the fragments of the Phenician antiquity, traced the progress of learning through the ancient Greek writers, or so much as consulted his learned countryman Huetius, he would have found, (which falls out unluckily for him), that a Chaldaean shepherd discovered to the Egyptians and Greeks the creation of the world. And what subject more fit for such a pastoral, than that great affair which was first notified to the world by one of that profession? Nor does it appear, (what he takes for granted), that Virgil describes the original of the world, according to the hypothesis of Epicurus; he was too well seen in antiquity to commit such a gross mistake; there is not the least mention of *chance* in that whole passage, nor of the *clinamen principiorum*, so peculiar to Epicurus's hypothesis. Virgil had not only more piety, but was of too nice a judgement to introduce a god denying the power and providence of the Deity, and singing a hymn to the atoms, and blind chance. On the contrary, his description agrees very well with that of Moses; and the eloquent commentator D'Acier, who is so confident that Horace had perused the sacred history, might with greater reason have affirmed the same thing of Virgil. For, besides that famous passage in the sixth Æneid, (by which this may be illustrated), where the word *principio* is used in the front of both by Moses and Virgil, and the seas are first mentioned, and the *spiritus intus alit*, which might not improbably, as Mr D'Acier would suggest, allude to the 'Spirit moving upon the face of waters;' but, omitting this parallel place, the successive for-

mation of the world is evidently described in these words,

‘ Rerum paulatim sumere formas ;

And 'tis hardly possible to render more literally that verse of Moses,

‘ Let the waters be gathered into one place, and let
‘ the dry land appear,’ than in this of Virgil,

‘ Jam durare solum, et discludere Nerea ponto.’

After this the formation of the sun is described (exactly in the Mosaic order,) and next the production of the first living creatures, and that too in a small number, (still in the same method.)

‘ Rara per ignotos errent animalia montes.

And here the forefaid author would probably remark, that Virgil keeps more exactly the Mosaic system, than an ingenious writer, who will by no means allow mountains to be coeval with the world. Thus much will make it probable at least, that Virgil had Moses in his thoughts rather than Epicurus, when he composed this poem. But it is further remarkable, that this passage was taken from a song attributed to Apollo, who himself too unluckily had been a shepherd, and he took it from another yet more ancient, composed by the first inventor of music, and at that time a shepherd too; and this is one of the noblest fragments of Greek antiquity ; and, because I cannot suppose the ingenious Mr F. one of their number, who pretend to censure the Greeks, without being able to distinguish Greek from Ephesian characters, I shall here set down the lines from which Virgil took this passage, though none of the commentators have observed it.

—ἔρατη δ' οἱ ἑσπέιο φωνή,
 Κραίων ἀθανάτους τε θεούς, καὶ γαίαν ἔρεμνην,
 ὧς τὰ πρῶτα γενοντο, καὶ ὧς λάχε μοῖραν ἑκά-
 στος, &c.

Thus Linus too began his poem, as appears by a fragment of it preserved by Diogenes Laertius; and the like may be instanced in Musaeus himself.

So that our poet here, with great judgment, as always, follows the ancient custom of beginning their more solemn songs with the creation, and does it too most properly under the person of a shepherd; and thus 'the first and best employment of poetry was to compose hymns in honour of the great Creator of the universe.'

Few words will suffice to answer his other objections. He demands, why those several transformations are mentioned in that poem? And is not fable then the life and soul of poetry? Can himself assign a more proper subject of pastoral, than the Saturnia Regna, the age and scene of this kind of poetry? What theme more fit for the song of a god, or to imprint a religious awe, than the omnipotent power of transforming the species of creatures at their pleasure? Their families lived in groves, near the clear springs; and what better warning could be given to the hopeful young shepherds, than that they should not gaze too much into the liquid dangerous looking-glass, for fear of being stolen by the water-nymphs, that is, falling and being drowned as Hylas was? Pasiphae's monstrous passion for a bull, is certainly a subject enough fitted for Bu-

colics: Can Mr F. tax Silenus for fetching too far the transformation of the two sisters of Phaeton into trees, when perhaps they sat at that very time under the hospitable shade of those alders and poplars? Or the metamorphoses of Philomela into that ravishing bird, which makes the sweetest music of the groves? If he had looked into the ancient Greek writers, or so much as consulted honest Servius, he would have discovered, that, under the allegory of this drunkenness of Silenus, the refinement and exaltation of mens minds by philosophy was intended. But, if the author of these reflections can take such flights in his wine, it is almost pity that drunkenness should be a sin, or that he should ever want good store of Burgundy and Champaign. But, indeed, he seems not to have ever drank out of Silenus's tankard, when he composed either his Critique, or Pastorals.

His censure on the fourth seems worse grounded than the other: It is entitled, in some ancient manuscripts, The History of the Renovation of the World: He complains, 'that he cannot understand what is meant 'by those many figurative expressions:' But, if he had consulted the younger Vossius's dissertation on this pastoral, or read the excellent oration of the Emperor Constantine, made French by a good pen of their own, he would have found there the plain interpretation of all those figurative expressions; and, withall, very strong proofs of the truth of the Christian religion; such as converted Heathens, as Valerianus, and others: And, upon account of this piece, the most learned of all the Latin fathers calls Virgil a Christian, even before Christianity. Cicero takes notice of it in his books of divi-

nation, and Virgil probably had put it in verse a considerable time before the edition of his pastorals. Nor does he appropriate it to Pollio, or his son, but complementally dates it from his consulship. And therefore some one, who had not so kind thoughts of Mr F. as I, would be inclined to think him as bad a Catholic as a Critic in this place.

But, in respect to some books he has wrote since, I pass by a great part of this, and shall only touch briefly some of the rules of this sort of poem.

The first is, that an air of piety upon all occasions should be maintained in the whole poem : This appears in all the ancient Greek writers ; as Homer, Hesiod, Aratus, &c. And Virgil is so exact in the observation of it, not only in this work, but in his *Æneis* too, that a celebrated French writer taxes him for permitting *Æneas* to do nothing without the assistance of some god. But by this it appears, at least, that Mr St Evr. is no Jansenist.

Mr F. seems a little defective in this point ; he brings in a pair of shepherdesses disputing very warmly, whether *Victoria* be a goddess or a woman. Her great condescension and compassion, her affability and goodness, none of the meanest attributes of the divinity, pass for convincing arguments that she could not possibly be a goddess.

- ‘ Les deesses toujours fieres et meprisantes
- ‘ Ne rassureroient point les bergeres tremblantes
- ‘ Par d’ obligeans discours, des souris gracieux ;
- ‘ Mais tu l’as veu ; cette auguste personne
- ‘ Qui vient de paroître en ces lieux

‘ Prend soin de rassurer au moment qu’elle etonne,

‘ Sa bonte descendant sans peine jusqu’a nous.’

In short, she has too many divine perfections to be a deity, and therefore she is a mortal (which was the thing to be proved.) It is directly contrary to the practice of all ancient poets, as well as to the rules of decency and religion, to make such odious preferences. I am much surprized, therefore, that he should use such an argument as this :

‘ Cloris, as-tu veu des deesses

‘ Avoir un air si facile et si doux ?’

Was not Aurora, and Venus, and Luna, and I know not how many more of the heathen deities, too easy of access to Tithonus, to Anchises, and to Endymion ? Is there any thing more sparkish and better humoured than Venus’s accosting her son in the desarts of Libya ? or than the behaviour of Pallas to Diomedes ? one of the most perfect and admirable pieces of all the Iliads ; where she condescends to *raille* him so agreeably ; and, notwithstanding her severe virtue, and all the ensigns of majesty, with which she so terribly adorns herself, condescends to ride with him in his chariot ? But the Odysses are full of greater instances of condescension than this.

This brings to mind that famous passage of Lucan, in which he prefers Cato to all the gods at once,

‘ Victrix causa deis placuit, sed victa Catoni.’

Which Brebaeuf has rendered so flatly, and which may be thus paraphrased.

‘ Heav’n meanly with the conqueror did comply,

‘ But Cato, rather than submit, would die.

It is an unpardonable presumption in any sort of religion to compliment their princes at the expence of their dieties.

But, letting that pass, this whole eclogue is but a long paraphrase of a trite verse in Virgil, and Homer,

‘Nec vox hominem sonat, O Dea certe.’

So true is that remark of the admirable E. of Roscommon, if applied to the Romans, rather, I fear, than to the English, since his own death,

‘-----one sterling line, [shine.

‘Drawn to French wire, would thro’ whole pages

Another rule is, that the characters should represent that ancient innocence, and unpractised plainness, which was then in the world. P. Rapin has gathered many instances of this out of Theocritus and Virgil; and the reader can do it as well as himself. But Mr F. transgressed this rule, when he hid himself in the thicket, to listen to the private discourse of the two shepherdesses. This is not only ill breeding at Versailles; the Arcadian shepherdesses themselves would have set their dogs upon one for such an unpardonable piece of rudeness.

A third rule is, that there should be some ordonnance, some design, or little plot, which may deserve the title of a pastoral scene. This is every where observed by Virgil; and particularly remarkable in the first eclogue, the standard of all pastorals. A beautiful landscape presents itself to your view; a shepherd, with his flock around him, resting securely under a spreading beech, which furnished the first food to our ancestors. Another, in quite different situation of mind and

circumstances, the sun setting, the hospitality of the more fortunate shepherd, &c. And here Mr F. seems not a little wanting.

A fourth rule, and of great importance in this delicate sort of writing, is, that there be choice diversity of subjects; that the eclogue, like a beautiful prospect, should charm by its variety. Virgil is admirable in this point, and far surpasses Theocritus, as he does every where, when judgment and contrivance have the principal part. The subject of the first pastoral is hinted above.

The second contains the love of Corydon for Alexis, and the seasonable reproach he gives himself, that he left his vines half pruned, (which, according to the Roman rituals, derived a curse upon the fruit that grew upon it), whilst he pursued an object undeserving his passion.

The third, a sharp contention of two shepherds for the prize of poetry.

The fourth contains the discourse of a shepherd, comforting himself in a declining age, that a better was ensuing.

The fifth, a lamentation for a dead friend, the first draught of which is probably more ancient than any of the pastorals now extant, his brother being at first intended; but he afterwards makes his court to Augustus, by turning it into an apotheosis of Julius Caesar.

The sixth is the Silenus.

The seventh, another poetical dispute, first composed at Mantua.

The eighth is the description of a despairing lover, and a magical charm.

He sets the ninth after all these, very modestly, because it was particular to himself; and here he would have ended that work, if Gallus had not prevailed upon him to add one more in his favour.

Thus curious was Virgil in diversifying his subjects. But Mr F. is a great deal too uniform: Begin where you please, the subject is still the same. We find it true what he says of himself,

‘Toujours, toujours de l’amour.’

He seems to take pastorals and love-verses for the same thing. Has human nature no other passion? Does not fear, ambition, avarice, pride, a capricio of honour, and laziness itself, often triumph over love? But this passion does all, not only in pastorals, but in modern tragedies too. A hero can no more fight, or be sick, or die, than he can be born, without a woman. But dramatics have been composed in compliance to the humour of the age, and the prevailing inclination of the great, whose example has a more powerful influence, not only in the little court behind the scenes, but on the great theatre of the world. However, this inundation of love-verses is not so much an effect of their amorousness, as of immoderate self-love; this being the only sort of poetry, in which the writer can, not only without censure, but even with commendation, talk of himself. There is generally more of the passion of Narcissus, than concern for Chloris and Corinna, in this whole affair. Be pleased to look into almost any of those writers, and you shall meet everywhere that Eternal Moy, which the admirable Pascal so

judiciously condemns. Homer can never be enough admired for this one so particular quality, that he never speaks of himself, either in the Iliad, or the Odyssey; and if Horace had never told us his genealogy, but left it to the writer of his life, perhaps he had not been a loser by it. This consideration might induce those great critics, Varius and Tucca, to raze out the four first verses of the *Æneis*, in great measure, for the sake of that unlucky *ille ego*. But extraordinary geniuses have a sort of prerogative, which may dispense them from laws, binding to subject-wits. However, the ladies have the less reason to be pleased with those addresses, of which the poet takes the greater share to himself. Thus the beau presses into their dressing-room, but it is not so much to adore their fair eyes, as to adjust his own steenkirk and peruke, and set his countenance in their glass.

A fifth rule, (which one may hope will not be contested), is, that the writer should shew, in his compositions, some competent skill of the subject-matter, that which makes the character of persons introduced. In this, as in all other points of learning, decency, and oeconomy of a poem, Virgil much excells his master Theocritus. The poet is better skilled in husbandry than those that get their bread by it. He describes the nature, the diseases, the remedies, the proper places, and seasons, of feeding, of watering their flocks; the furniture, diet; the lodging and pastimes of his shepherds. But the persons brought in by Mr F. are shepherds in masquerade, and handle their sheep-hook as awkwardly as they do their oaten reed. They saunter about with their *chers moutons*; but they relate as little

to the business in hand, as the painter's dog, or a Dutch ship does to the history designed. One would suspect some of them, that instead of leading out their sheep into the plains of Mount Brison, and Marcilli, to the flowry banks of Lignon, or the Charanthe, that they are driving directly *a la boucherie*, to make money of them. I hope hereafter Mr F. will chuse his servants better.

A sixth rule is, that as the stile ought to be natural, clear, and elegant, it should have some peculiar relish of the ancient fashion of writing. Parables in those times were frequently used, as they are still by the Eastern nations, philosophical questions, aenigma's, &c. and of this we find instances in the sacred writings, in Homer, contemporary with king David; in Herodotus; in the Greek tragedians. This piece of antiquity is imitated by Virgil with great judgement and discretion. He has proposed one riddle which has never yet been solved by any of his commentators. Though he knew the rules of rhetoric, as well as Cicero himself, he conceals that skill in his pastorals, and keeps close to the character of antiquity. Nor ought the connections and transitions to be very strict and regular; this would give the pastorals an air of novelty: And of this neglect of exact connections, we have instances in the writings of the ancient Chineses, of the Jews and Greeks, in Pindar, and other writers of dithyrambics, in the chorus's of Æschylus, Sophocles, and Euripides. If Mr F. and Ruæus, had considered this, the one would have spared his critic of the sixth, and the other his reflections upon the ninth pastoral. The over-scrupulous care of connections makes the modern

compositions oftentimes tedious and flat : And by the omission of them it comes to pass, that the *pensees* of the incomparable Mr Pascal, and perhaps of Mr Bruyere, are two of the most entertaining books which the modern French can boast of. Virgil, in this point, was not only faithful to the character of antiquity, but copies after nature herself. Thus a meadow, where the beauties of the spring are profusely blended together, makes a more delightful prospect than a curious parterre of sorted flowers in our gardens ; and we are much more transported with the beauty of the heavens, and admiration of their Creator, in a clear night, when we behold stars of all magnitudes, promiscuously moving together, than if those glorious lights were ranked in their several orders, or reduced into the finest geometrical figures.

Another rule omitted by P. Rapin, as some of his are by me, (for I do not design an entire treatise in this preface,) is, that not only the sentences should be short, and smart, upon which account, he justly blames the Italian, and French, as too talkative, but that the whole piece should be so too. Virgil transgressed this rule in his first pastorals, I mean those which he composed at Mantua, but rectified the fault in his riper years. This appears by the *Culex*, which is as long as five of his pastorals put together. The greater part of those he finished, have less than an hundred verses, and but two of them exceed that number. But the *Silenus*, which he seems to have designed for his masterpiece, in which he introduces a god singing, and he too full of inspiration, (which is intended by that ebriety which Mr F. so unreasonably ridicules,) though it go through so vast a field of matter, and comprizes the

mythology of near two thousand years, consists but of fifty lines; so that its brevity is no less admirable, than the subject-matter, the noble fashion of handling it, and the deity speaking. Virgil keeps up his character in this respect too, with the strictest decency. For poetry and pastime was not the business of mens lives in those days, but only their seasonable recreation after necessary labours. And therefore the length of some of the modern Italian, and English compositions, is against the rules of this kind of poesy.

I shall add something very briefly touching the versification of pastorals, though it be a mortifying consideration to the moderns. Heroic verse, as it is commonly called, was used by the Greeks in this sort of poem, as very ancient and natural, Lyrics, lambics, &c. being invented afterwards: But there is so great a difference in the numbers, of which it may be compounded, that it may pass rather for a *genus* than *species* of verse. Whosoever shall compare the numbers of the three following verses, will quickly be sensible of the truth of this observation.

‘ Tityre, tu patulae recubans sub tegmine fagi.

The first of the Georgics,

‘ Quid faciat laetas segetes, quo sydere terram.

and of the Æneis,

‘ Arma, virumque cano, Trojae qui primus ab oris.

The sound of the verses is almost as different as the subjects. But the Greek writers of pastoral usually limited themselves to the example of the first; which Virgil found so exceedingly difficult, that he quitted it, and left the honour of that part to Theocritus. It is indeed probable that what we improperly call rhyme, is the most ancient sort of poetry; and learned men

have given good arguments for it : And therefore a French historian commits as a gross mistake, when he attributes that invention to a king of Gaul, as an English gentleman does, when he makes a Roman Emperor the inventor of it. But the Greeks, who understood fully the force and power of numbers, soon grew weary of this childish sort of verse, as the younger Vossius justly calls it; and, therefore, those rhyming hexameters, which Plutarch observes in Homer himself, seem to be the remains of a barbarous age. Virgil had them in such abhorrence, that he would rather make a false syntax, than (what we call a rhyme,) such a verse as this.

‘ Vir precor uxori, frater succurre Sorori,’
was passable in Ovid; but the nice ears in Augustus’s court could not pardon Virgil for

‘ At regina pyra.’

So that the principal ornament of modern poetry was accounted deformity by the Latins and Greeks : It was they who invented the different terminations of words, those happy compositions, those short monosyllables, those transpositions for the elegance of the sound and sense, which are wanting so much in modern languages. The French sometimes crowd together ten or twelve monosyllables into one disjointed verse : They may understand the nature of, but cannot imitate, those wonderful spondees of Pythagoras, by which he could suddenly pacify a man that was in a violent transport of anger; nor those swift numbers of the priests of Cybele, which had the force to enrage the most sedate and phlegmatic tempers. Nor can any modern put into

his own language the energy of that single poem of Catullus,

‘ Super alta vectus Atys,’ &c.

Latin is but a corrupt dialect of Greek; and the French, Spanish, and Italian, a corruption of Latin; and therefore a man might as well go about to persuade me that vinegar is a nobler liquor than wine, as that the modern compositions can be as graceful and harmonious as the Latin itself. The Greek tongue very naturally falls into Iambics; and therefore the diligent reader may find six or seven and twenty of them in those accurate orations of Isocrates. The Latin as naturally falls into heroic; and therefore the beginning of Livy’s history is half an hexameter, and that of Tacitus an entire one. * The Roman historian, describing the glorious effort of a colonel to break thro’ a brigade of the enemies, just after the defeat at Cannae, falls, unknowingly, into a verse not unworthy Virgil himself :

‘ Haec ubi dicta dedit, stringit gladium, cuncoq;

‘ Facto per medios,’ &c.

Ours and the French can at best but fall into blank verse, which is a fault in prose. The misfortune indeed is common to us both; but we deserve more compassion, because we are not vain of our barbarities. As age brings men back into the state and infirmities of childhood, upon the fall of their empire, the Romans doated into rhyme, as appears sufficiently by the hymns of the Latin church, and yet a great deal of the French poetry does hardly deserve that poor title. I shall give

* Livy.

an instance out of a poem which had the good luck to gain the prize in 1685; for the subject deserved a nobler pen.

‘Tous les jours ce grand roy, des autres roys

‘l'exemple,

‘S'ouvre nouveau chemin au faiste de un ton

‘temple,’ &c.

The judicious Malherbe exploded this sort of verse near eighty years ago. Nor can I forbear wondering at that passage of a famous academician, in which he, most compassionately, excuses the ancients for their not being so exact in their compositions, as the modern French, because they wanted a dictionary, of which the French are at last happily provided. If Demosthenes and Cicero had been so lucky as to have had a dictionary, and such a patron as Cardinal Richelieu, perhaps they might have aspired to the honour of Balzac's legacy of ten pounds, *le prix de l'éloquence*.

On the contrary, I dare assert, that there are hardly ten lines in either of those great orators, or even in the catalogue of Homer's ships, which is not more harmonious, more truly rythmical, than most of the French or English sonnets; and therefore they lose, at least, one half of their native beauty by translation.

I cannot but add one remark on this occasion, that the French verse is oftentimes not so much as rhyme, in the lowest sense; for the childish repetition of the same note cannot be called music; such instances are infinite, as in the fore-cited poem.

‘Epris

Trophee

Cache;

‘Mepris

Orphee

Cherche.’

Mr Boileau himself has a great deal of this *μονοτονία*, not by his own neglect, but purely by the faultiness and poverty of the French tongue. Mr F. at last goes into the excessive paradoxes of Mr Perrault, and boasts of the vast number of their excellent songs, preferring them to the Greek and Latin. But an ancient writer, of as good credit, has assured us, that seven lives would hardly suffice to read over the Greek odes; but a few weeks would be sufficient, if a man were so very idle as to read over all the French. In the mean time, I should be very glad to see a catalogue of but fifty of theirs with

‘ * Exact propriety of word and thought.’

Notwithstanding all the high encomiums and mutual gratulations which they give one another; (for I am far from censuring the whole of that illustrious society, to which the learned world is much obliged); after all those golden dreams at the l’Ouvre, that their pieces will be as much valued ten or twelve ages hence, as the ancient Greek, or Roman, I can no more get it into my head that they will last so long, than I could believe the learned Dr H---- K (of the royal society,) if he should pretend to shew me a butterfly that had lived a thousand winters.

When Mr F. wrote his eclogues, he was so far from equalling Virgil, or Theocritus, that he had some pains to take before he could understand in what the principal beauty and graces of their writings do consist.

* Essay of Poetry.

E S S A Y

O N T H E

G E O R G I C S.

VIRGIL may be reckoned the first who introduced three new kinds of poetry among the Romans, which he copied after three the greatest masters of Greece. Theocritus and Homer have still disputed for the advantage over him in Pastoral and Heroics, but I think all are unanimous in giving him the precedence to Hesiod in his Georgics. The truth of it is, the sweetness and rusticity of a pastoral cannot be so well expressed in any other tongue as in the Greek, when rightly mixed and qualified with the Doric dialect; nor can the majesty of an heroic poem any where appear so well as in this language, which has a natural greatness in it, and can be often rendered more deep and sonorous by the pronounciation of the Ionians. But, in the middle stile, where the writers in both tongues are on a level, we see how far Virgil has excelled all who have written in the same way with him.

There has been abundance of criticism spent on Virgil's Pastorals and Æneids; but the Georgics are a subject which none of the critics have sufficiently taken into their consideration; most of them passing it over

in silence, or casting it under the same head with pastoral; a division by no means proper, unless we suppose the stile of a husbandman ought to be imitated in a Georgic, as that of a shepherd is in pastoral. But tho' the scene of both these poems lies in the same place, the speakers in them are of a quite different character, since the precepts of husbandry are not to be delivered with the simplicity of a ploughman, but with the address of a poet. No rules therefore that relate to pastoral can any way affect the Georgics, which fall under that class of poetry which consists in giving plain and direct instructions to the reader; whether they be moral duties, as those of Theognis and Pythagoras; or philosophical speculations, as those of Aratus and Lucretius; or rules of practice, as those of Hesiod and Virgil. Among these different kinds of subjects, that which the Georgic goes upon, is, I think, the meanest and least improving, but the most pleasing and delightful. Precepts of morality, besides the natural corruption of our tempers, which makes us averse to them, are so abstracted from ideas of sense, that they seldom give an opportunity for those beautiful descriptions and images which are the spirit and life of poetry. Natural philosophy has indeed sensible objects to work upon; but then it often puzzles the reader with the intricacy of its notions, and perplexes him with the multitude of its disputes. But this kind of poetry I am now speaking of, addresses itself wholly to the imagination; it is altogether conversant among the fields and woods, and has the most delightful part of nature for its province: It raises in our minds a pleasing variety of scenes and landships, whilst it teaches us, and makes the driest

of its precepts look like a description. A Georgic, therefore, is some part of the science of husbandry put into a pleasing dress, and set off with all the beauties and embellishments of poetry. Now, since this science of husbandry is of a very large extent, the poet shows his skill in singling out such precepts to proceed on, as are useful, and at the same time most capable of ornament. Virgil was so well acquainted with this secret, that, to set off his first Georgic, he has run into a set of precepts, which are almost foreign to his subject, in that beautiful account he gives us of the signs in nature which precede the changes of the weather.

And if there be so much art in the choice of fit precepts, there is much more required in the treating of them, that they may fall in after each other by a natural unforced method, and shew themselves in the best and most advantageous light. They should all be so finely wrought together into the same piece, that no coarse seam may discover where they join; as in a curious brede of needle-work, one colour falls away by such just degrees, and another rises so insensibly, that we see the variety, without being able to distinguish the total vanishing of the one from the first appearance of the other. Nor is it sufficient to range and dispose this body of precepts into a clear and easy method, unless they are delivered to us in the most pleasing and agreeable manner: For there are several ways of conveying the same truth to the mind of man; and to chuse the pleasantest of these ways, is that which chiefly distinguishes poetry from prose, and makes Virgil's rules of husbandry pleasanter to read than Varro's. Where the prose-writer tells us plainly what ought to be done, the

poet often conceals the precept in a description, and represents his country-man performing the action in which he would instruct his reader. Where the one sets out as fully and distinctly as he can, all the parts of the truth, which he would communicate to us; the other singles out the most pleasing circumstance of this truth, and so conveys the whole in a more diverting manner to the understanding. I shall give one instance out of a multitude of this nature that might be found in the Georgics, where the reader may see the different ways Virgil has taken to express the same thing, and how much pleasanter every manner of expression is, than the plain and direct mention of it would have been. It is in the second Georgic, where he tells us what trees will bear grafting on each other.

‘ Et saepe alterius ramos impune videmus

‘ Vertere in alterius, mutataque insita mala

‘ Ferre pyrum, et prunis lapidosa rubescere corna.

‘ -----Steriles platani malos gessere valentes,

‘ Castaneae fagos, ornusque incanuit albo

‘ Flore pyri, glandemque sues fregere sub ulmis.

‘ -----Nec longum tempus: Et ingens

‘ Exiit ad coelum ramis felicibus arbos;

‘ Miraturque novas frondes, et non sua poma.

Here we see the poet considered all the effects of this union between trees of different kinds, and took notice of that effect which had the most surprize, and by consequence the most delight in it, to express the capacity that was in them of being thus united. This way of writing is every where much in use among the poets, and is particularly practised by Virgil, who loves to suggest a truth indirectly, and without giving

us a full and open view of it: To let us see just so much as will naturally lead the imagination into all the parts that lie concealed. This is wonderfully diverting to the understanding, thus to receive a precept, that enters as it were through a by-way, and to apprehend an idea that draws a whole train after it: For here the mind, which is always delighted with its own discoveries, only takes the hint from the poet, and seems to work out the rest by the strength of her own faculties.

But since the incultating precept upon precept, will at length prove tiresome to the reader, if he meets with no other entertainment, the poet must take care not to incumber his poem with too much business; but sometimes to relieve the subject with a moral reflection, or let it rest a while for the sake of a pleasant and pertinent digression. Nor is it sufficient to run out into beautiful and diverting digressions, (as it is generally thought) unless they are brought in aptly, and are something of a piece with the main design of the Georgic: For they ought to have a remote alliance at least to the subject; that so the whole poem may be more uniform and agreeable in all its parts. We should never quite lose sight of the country, tho' we are sometimes entertained with a distant prospect of it. Of this nature are Virgil's descriptions of the original of agriculture, of the fruitfulness of Italy, of a country-life, and the like; which are not brought in by force, but naturally rise out of the principal argument and design of the poem. I know no one digression in the Georgics that may seem to contradict this observation, besides that in the latter end of the first book, where the poet launches out into a discourse of the battle of Pharsalia, and the

actions of Augustus ; but it is worth while to consider how admirably he has turned the course of his narration into its proper channel, and made his husbandman concerned even in what relates to the battle, in those inimitable lines,

- ‘ Scilicet et tempus veniet, cum finibus illis
- ‘ Agricola in curvo terram molitus aratro,
- ‘ Exesa inveniet scabra rubigine pila:
- ‘ Aut gravibus rastris galeas pulsabit inanes,
- ‘ Grandiaque effossis mirabitur ossa sepulchris.

And afterward, speaking of Augustus's actions, he still remembers that agriculture ought to be some way hinted at throughout the whole poem.

- ‘ -----Non ullus aratro
- ‘ Dignus honos: Squalent abductis arva colonis:
- ‘ Et curvae rigidum falces constantur in ensen.

We now come to the stile which is proper to a Georgic; and indeed this is the part on which the poet must lay out all his strength, that his words may be warm and glowing, and that every thing he describes may immediately present itself, and rise up to the reader's view. He ought in particular to be careful of not letting his subject debase his stile, and betray him into a meanness of expression, but every where to keep up his verse in all the pomp of numbers, and dignity of words.

I think nothing which is a phrase or saying in common talk, should be admitted into a serious poem: Because it takes off from the solemnity of the expression, and gives it too great a turn of familiarity: Much less ought the low phrases and terms of art, that are adapted to husbandry, have any place in such a work as the

Georgic, which is not to appear in the natural simplicity and nakedness of its subject, but in the pleasantest dress that poetry can bestow on it. Thus Virgil, to deviate from the common form of words, would not make use of *tempore* but *fidere* in his first verse, and every where else abounds with metaphors, Grecisms, and circumlocutions, to give his verse the greater pomp, and preserve it from sinking into a plebeian stile. And herein consists Virgil's master-piece, who has not only excelled all other poets, but even himself, in the language of his Georgics; where we receive more strong and lively ideas of things from his words, than we could have done from the objects themselves: And find our imaginations more affected by his descriptions, than they would have been by the very sight of what he describes.

I shall now, after this short scheme of rules, consider the different success that Hesiod and Virgil have met with in this kind of poetry, which may give us some further notion of the excellence of the Georgics. To begin with Hesiod: If we may guess at his character from his writings, he had much more of the husbandman than of the poet in his temper: He was wonderfully grave, discreet, and frugal: He lived altogether in the country, and was probably, for his great prudence, the oracle of the whole neighbourhood. These principles of good husbandry ran through his works, and directed him to the choice of tillage and merchandise, for the subject of that which is the most celebrated of them. He is every where bent on instruction, avoids all manner of digressions, and does not stir out of the field once in the whole Georgic. His method of describing month after month, with its proper seasons and

employments, is too grave and simple; it takes off from the surprize and variety of the poem, and makes the whole look but like a modern almanac in verse. The reader is carried through a course of weather, and may before hand guess whether he is to meet with snow or rain, clouds or sunshine, in the next description. His descriptions indeed have abundance of nature in them, but then it is nature in her simplicity and undress. Thus, when he speaks of January; the wild beasts, says he, run shivering through the woods with their heads stooping to the ground, and their tails clapt between their legs; the goats and oxen are almost dead with cold; but it is not so bad with the sheep, because they have a thick coat of wool about them. The old men too are bitterly pinched with the weather, but the young girls feel nothing of it, who sit at home with their mothers by a warm fire-side. Thus does the old gentleman give himself up to a loose kind of tattle, rather than endeavour after a just poetical description. Nor has he shewn more of art or judgment in the precepts he has given us, which are sown so very thick that they clog the poem too much, and are often so minute and full of circumstances, that they weaken and unnerve his verse. But, after all, we are beholden to him for the first rough sketch of a Georgic; Where we may still discover something venerable in the antiqueness of the work; but, if we would see the design enlarged, the figures reformed, the colouring laid on, and the whole piece finished, we must expect it from a greater master's hand.

Virgil has drawn out the rules for tillage and planting into two books, which Hesiod has dispatched in

half a one; but has so raised the natural rudeness and simplicity of his subject with such a significancy of expression, such a pomp of verse, such variety of transitions, and such a solemn air in his reflections, that if we look on both poets together, we see in one the plainness of a downright country-man, and, in the other, something of a rustic majesty, like that of a Roman Dictator at the plough-tail. He delivers the meanest of his precepts with a kind of grandeur; he breaks the clods and tosses the dung about with an air of gracefulness. His prognostications of the weather are taken out of Aratus, where we may see how judiciously he has picked out those that are most proper for his husbandman's observation; how he has enforced the expression, and heightened the images which he found in the original.

The second book has more wit in it, and a greater boldness in its metaphors than any of the rest. The poet with a great beauty applies oblivion, ignorance, wonder, desire and the like to his trees. The last Georgic has indeed as many metaphors, but not so daring as this; for human thoughts and passions may be more naturally ascribed to a bee, than to an inanimate plant. He who reads over the pleasures of a country-life, as they are described by Virgil in the latter end of this book, can scarce be of Virgil's mind, in preferring even the life of a philosopher to it.

We may I think read the poet's clime in his description, for he seems to have been in a sweat at the writing of it.

‘ -----O quis me gelidus sub montibus Haemi
 ‘ Sistet, et ingenti ramorum protegat umbra!

And is every where mentioning among his chief pleasures, the coolness of his shades and rivers, vales and grottoes, which a more northern poet would have omitted for the description of a sunny hill, and fire-side.

The third Georgic seems to be the most laboured of them all; there is a wonderful vigour and spirit in the description of the horse and chariot-race. The force of love is represented in noble instances, and very sublime expressions. The Scythian winter-piece appears so very cold and bleak to the eye, that a man can scarce look on it without shivering. The murrain at the end has all the expressiveness that words can give. It was here that the poet strained hard to outdo Lucretius in the description of his plague; and if the reader would see what success he had, he may find it at large in Scaliger.

But Virgil seems no where so well pleased, as when he is got among his bees in the fourth Georgic; and ennobles the actions of so trivial a creature, with metaphors drawn from the most important concerns of mankind. His verses are not in a greater noise and hurry in the battles of Æneas and Turnus, than in the engagement of two swarms. And, as in his Æneis he compares the labours of his Trojans to those of bees and pismires, here he compares the labours of the bees to those of the Cyclops. In short, the last Georgic was a good prelude to the Æneis; and very well shewed what the poet could do in the description of what was really great, by describing the mock-grandeur of an insect with so good a grace. There is more pleasantness in the little platform of a garden, which he gives us about the middle of this book, than

in all the spacious walks and water-works of Rapin's. The speech of Proteus at the end can never be enough admired, and was indeed very fit to conclude so divine a work.

After this particular account of the beauties in the Georgics, I should, in the next place, endeavour to point out its imperfections, if it has any. But, tho' I think there are some few parts in it that are not so beautiful as the rest, I shall not presume to name them, as rather suspecting my own judgment, than I can believe a fault to be in that poem, which lay so long under Virgil's correction, and had his last hand put to it. The first Georgic was probably burlesqued in the author's lifetime; for we still find in the scholiasts a verse that ridicules part of a line translated from Hesiod. 'Nudus ara, fere nudus'-----And we may easily guess at the judgment of this extraordinary critic, whoever he was, from his censuring this particular precept. We may be sure Virgil would not have translated it from Hesiod, had he not discovered some beauty in it; and indeed the beauty of it is what I have before observed to be frequently met with in Virgil, the delivering the precept so indirectly, and singling out the particular circumstance of sowing and ploughing naked, to suggest to us that these employments are proper only in the hot season of the year.

I shall not here compare the stile of the Georgics with that of Lucretius, which the reader may see already done in the preface to the second volume of Miscellany Poems; but shall conclude this poem to be the most compleat, elaborate, and finished piece of all anti-

quity. The *Æneis* indeed is of a nobler kind, but the Georgic is more perfect in its kind. The *Æneis* has a greater variety of beauties in it, but those of the Georgic are more exquisite. In short, the Georgic has all the perfection that can be expected in a poem written by the greatest poet in the flower of his age, when his invention was ready, his imagination warm, his judgment settled, and all his faculties in their full vigour and maturity.

A GOLDEN column next in rank appear'd,
On which a shrine of purest gold was rear'd;
Finish'd the whole, and labour'd ev'ry part,
With patient touches of unweary'd art :
The Mantuan there in sober triumph fate,
Compos'd his posture, and his look sedate :
On Homer still he fix'd a rev'rend eye,
Great without pride, in modest majesty.
In living sculpture on the sides were spread
The Latian wars, and haughty Turnus dead ;
Eliza stretch'd upon the fun'ral pyre ;
Æneas bending with his aged fire :
Troy flam'd in burning gold, and o'er the throne
ARMS AND THE MAN in golden cyphers shone.

POPE'S TEMPLE OF FAME.

At the Temple of Fame,
A golden column next in rank appears,
On which a shrine of pure gold was rear'd;
Finish'd the whole, and labour'd every part,
With patient touches of heavenly art:
The Misanthrope there in lofty triumph sat,
Compos'd his posture, and his look fix'd;
On Homer still he fix'd a steady eye,
Great without pride, in modest majesty.
In living sculpture on the sides were spread
The Asian wars, and haughty Turnus dead;
Else stretch'd upon the mural pyre;
Aeneas bending with his aged sire;
Troy stand'g in burning gold, and o'er the throne
Aeneas and the man in golden cyphers shone.
At the Temple of Fame.

T H E
F I R S T P A S T O R A L ;

O R,

T I T Y R U S A N D M E L I B O E U S .

T H E A R G U M E N T .

The occasion of the first pastoral was this. When Augustus had settled himself in the Roman empire, that he might reward his veteran troops for their past service, he distributed among them all the lands that lay about Cremona and Mantua ; turning out the right owners for having sided with his enemies. Virgil was a sufferer among the rest ; who afterwards recovered his estate by Mecaenas's intercession ; and, as an instance of his gratitude, composed the following pastoral ; where he sets out his own good fortune in the person of Tityrus, and the calamities of his Mantuan neighbours in the character of Meliboeus.

M E L I B O E U S .

BENEATH the shade which beechen boughs diffuse,
You, Tityrus, entertain your sylvan Muse :
Round the wide world in banishment we roam,
Forc'd from our pleasing fields and native home :
While stretch'd at ease you sing your happy loves :
And Amaryllis fills the shady groves.

T Y T. These blessings, friend, a deity bestow'd :
 For never can I deem him less than God.
 The tender firstlings of my woolly breed
 Shall on his holy altar often bleed.
 He gave my kine to graze the flow'ry plain :
 And to my pipe renew'd the rural strain.

M E L. I envy not your fortune, but admire,
 That while the raging sword and wasteful fire
 Destroy the wretched neighbourhood around,
 No hostile arms approach your happy ground.
 Far diff'rent is my fate : My feeble goats
 With pains I drive from their forsaken cotes.
 And this you see I scarcely drag along,
 Who yearning on the rocks has left her young ;
 (The hope and promise of my failing fold :)
 My loss by dire portents the gods foretold :
 For, had I not been blind, I might have seen
 Yon riven oak, the fairest of the green
 And the horse raven, on the blasted bough,
 By croaking from the left presag'd the coming blow.
 But tell me, Tityrus, what heav'nly pow'r
 Preserv'd your fortunes in that fatal hour?

T Y T. Fool that I was ! I thought imperial Rome }
 Like Mantua, where on market-days we come,
 And thither drive our tender lambs from home.
 So kids and whelps their fires and dams express :
 And so the great I measur'd by the less.
 But country-towns, compar'd with her, appear
 Like shrubs, when lofty cypresses are near.

M E L. What great occasion call'd you hence to Rome ?

T Y T. Freedom, which came at length, tho' slow to
 come:

Nor did my search of liberty begin,
 Till my black hairs were chang'd upon my chin.
 Nor Amaryllis would vouchsafe a look,
 Till Galatea's meaner bonds I broke.
 Till then a helpless, hopeless, homely swain,
 I sought not freedom, nor aspir'd to gain :
 Tho' many a victim from my folds was bought,
 And many a cheese to country-markets brought,
 Yet all the little that I got, I spent,
 And still return'd as empty as I went.

MEL. We stood amaz'd to see your mistress mourn;
 Unknowing that she pin'd for your return :
 We wonder'd why she kept her fruit so long,
 For whom so late th' ungather'd apples hung.
 But now the wonder ceases, since I see
 She kept them only, Tityrus, for thee :
 For thee the bubbling springs appear'd to mourn ;
 And whisp'ring pines made vows for thy return.

TYT. What should I do ! while here I was chain'd ?
 No glimpse of godlike liberty remain'd ?
 Nor could I hope in any place but there,
 To find a god so present to my pray'r.
 There first the youth of heav'nly birth I view'd ;
 For whom our monthly victims are renew'd.
 He heard my vows, and graciously decreed
 My grounds to be restor'd, my former flocks to feed.

MEL. O fortunate old man ! whose farm re-
 For you sufficient, and requites your pains ; [mains }
 Tho' rushes overspread the neighb'ring plains,
 Tho' here the marshy grounds approach your fields,
 And there the soil a stony-harvest yields,

Your teeming ewes shall no strange meadows try,
 Nor fear a rot from tainted company.
 Behold yon bord'ring fence of fallow trees
 Is fraught with flow'rs, the flow'rs are fraught with bees:
 The busy bees with a soft murm'ring strain
 Invite to gentle sleep the lab'ring swain.
 While from the neighb'ring rock, with rural songs,
 The pruner's voice the pleasing dream prolongs;
 Stock-doves and turtles tell their am'rous pain,
 And from the lofty elms of love complain.

TYT. Th' inhabitants of seas and skies shall change,
 And fish on shore, and stags in air shall range,
 The banish'd Parthian dwell on Arrar's brink,
 And the blue German shall the Tigris drink;
 E'er I, forsaking gratitude and truth,
 Forget the figure of that god-like youth.

MEL. But we must beg our bread in climes unknown,
 Beneath the scorching or the freezing zone.
 And some to far Oaxis shall be sold;
 Or try the Libyan heat, or Scythian cold.
 The rest among the Britons be confin'd;
 A race of men from all the world disjoin'd.
 O must the wretched exiles ever mourn,
 Nor after length of rowling years return?
 Are we condemn'd by Fate's unjust decree,
 No more our houses and our homes to see?
 Or shall we mount again the rural throne,
 And rule the country kingdoms, once our own?
 Did we for these barbarians plant and sow,
 On these, on these, our happy fields bestow?
 Good heav'n what dire effects from civil discord flow?

Now let me graff my pears, and prune the vine ;
 The fruit is theirs, the labour only mine.
 Farewel my pastures, my paternal stock,
 My fruitful fields, and my more fruitful flock !
 No more, my goats, shall I behold you climb
 The steepy cliffs, or crop the flow'ry thyme !
 No more, extended in the grot below,
 Shall see you browsing on the mountain's brow
 The prickly shrubs ; and after on the bare,
 Lean down the deep abyfs, and hang in air.
 No more my sheep shall sip the morning dew ;
 No more my song shall please the rural crew :
 Adieu my tuneful pipe ! and all the world adieu !

T Y T. This night, at least, with me forget your care ;
 Chestnuts and curds and cream shall be your fare :
 The carpet-ground shall be with leaves o'erspread ;
 And boughs shall weave a cov'ring for your head.
 For see yon sunny hill the shade extends ;
 And curling smoak from cottages ascends.

THE SECOND PASTORAL ;

O R,

A L E X I S.

THE ARGUMENT.

*The commentators can by no means agree on the person of
 Alexis, but are all of opinion that some beautiful youth
 is meant by him, to whom Virgil here makes love in
 Corydon's language and simplicity. His way of court-*

ship is wholly pastoral: He complains of the boy's coyness; recommends himself for his beauty and skill in piping; invites the youth into the country, where he promises him the diversions of the place, with a suitable present of nuts and apples: But, when he finds nothing will prevail, he resolves to quit his troublesome amour, and betake himself again to his former business.

YOUNG Corydon, th' unhappy shepherd swain,
 The fair Alexis lov'd, but lov'd in vain:
 And underneath the beechen shade, alone,
 Thus to the woods and mountains made his moan.
 Is this, unkind Alexis, my reward,
 And must I die unpitied, and unheard?
 Now the green lizard in the grove is laid,
 The sheep enjoy the coolness of the shade;
 And Thestylis wild thyme and garlic beats
 For harvest-hinds o'erspent with toil and heats:
 While in the scorching sun I trace in vain
 Thy flying footsteps o'er the burning plain.
 The creaking locusts with my voice conspire;
 They fry'd with heat, and I with fierce desire.
 How much more easy was it to sustain
 Proud Amaryllis, and her haughty reign?
 The scorns of young Menalcas, once my care,
 Tho' he was black, and thou art heav'nly fair?
 Trust not too much to that enchanting face;
 Beauty's a charm, but soon the charm will pass:
 White lilies lie neglected on the plain,
 While dusky hyacinths for use remain.

My passion is thy scorn ; nor wilt thou know
What wealth I have, what gifts I can bestow :
What stores my dairies and my folds contain :
A thousand lambs that wander on the plain :
New milk that all the winter never fails,
And all the summer overflows the pails.
Amphion sung not sweeter to his herd,
When summon'd stones the Theban turrets rear'd.
Nor am I so deform'd ; for late I stood
Upon the margin of the briny flood :
The winds were still ; and, if the glass be true,
With Daphnis I may vie, tho' judg'd by you.
O leave the noisy town, O come and see
Our country cotes, and live content with me !
To wound the flying deer, and from their cotes
With me to drive a-field the browsing goats :
To pipe and sing, and in our country strain
To copy, or perhaps contend with Pan.
Pan taught to join with wax unequal reeds ;
Pan loves the shepherds, and their flocks he feeds :
Nor scorn the pipe ; Amyntas, to be taught,
With all his kisses wou'd my skill have bought.
Of seven smooth joints a mellow pipe I have,
Which with his dying breath Damoetas gave :
And said, this Corydon, I leave to thee ;
For only thou deserv'st it after me.
His eyes Amyntas durst not upward lift,
For much he grudg'd the praise, but more the gift.
Besides, two kids, that in the valley stray'd,
I found by chance, and to my fold convey'd :
They drain two bagging udders ev'ry day ;
And these shall be companions of thy play.

Both fleck'd with white, the true Arcadian strain,
Which Thestylis had often begg'd in vain :
And she shall have them, if again she shews,
Since you the giver and the gift refuse.
Come to my longing arms, my lovely care,
And take the presents which the nymphs prepare.
White lilies in full canisters they bring,
With all the glories of the purple spring.
The daughters of the flood have search'd the mead
For violets pale, and cropt the poppy's head :
The short Narcissus and fair daffodil,
Pansies to please the sight, and calia sweet to smell :
And set soft hyacinths with iron blue,
To shade marsh marygolds of shining hue.
Some bound in order, others loosely strow'd,
To dress thy bow'r, and trim thy new abode.
Myself will search our planted grounds at home,
For downy peaches and the glossy plum :
And thrash the chesnuts in the neighb'ring grove,
Such as my Amaryllis us'd to love.
The laurel and the myrtle sweets agree ;
And both in nosegays shall be bound for thee.
Ah, Corydon, ah poor unhappy swain !
Alexis will thy homely gifts disdain :
Nor, shouldst thou offer all thy little store,
Will rich Iolas yield, but offer more.
What have I done, to name that wealthy swain !
So powerful are his presents, mine so mean !
The boar amidst my chrystal streams I bring ;
And southern winds to blast my flow'ry spring.
Ah cruel creature ! whom dost thou despise ?
The gods to live in woods have left the skies.

And godlike Paris in th' Idean grove,
To Priam's wealth preferr'd Oenone's love.
In cities which she built, let Pallas reign ;
Tow'rs are for gods, but forests for the swain.
The greedy lions the wolf pursues,
The wolf the kid, the wanton kid the browse :
Alexis, thou art chas'd by Corydon ;
All follow sev'ral games, and each his own.
See from afar the fields no longer smoke,
The sweating steers unharnas'd from the yoke,
Bring, as in triumph, back the crooked plough ;
The shadows lengthen as the sun goes low.
Cool breezes now the raging heats remove ;
Ah, cruel heav'n ! that made no cure for love !
I wish for balmy sleep, but wish in vain :
Love has no bounds in pleasure, or in pain.
What frenzy, shepherd, has thy soul possess'd ?
Thy vineyard lies half prun'd, and half undress'd.
Quench, Cordyon, thy long unanswer'd fire :
Mind what the common wants of life require.
On willow-twigs employ thy weaving care :
And find an easier love, tho' not so fair.

THE THIRD PASTORAL;

O R,

P A L Æ M O N.

M E N A L C A S. D A M O E T A S. P A L Æ M O N.

THE ARGUMENT.

DAMOETAS and Menalcas, after some smart strokes of country-raillery, resolve to try who has the most skill at a song ; and accordingly make their neighbour Palæmon judge of their performances : Who, after a full hearing of both parties, declares himself unfit for the decision of so weighty a controversy, and leaves the victory undetermined.

M E N A L C A S.

HO, swain ! what shepherd owns those ragged sheep ?
DAM. Ægon's they are, he gave 'em me to keep.

MEN. Unhappy sheep of an unhappy swain !
While he Neæra courts, but courts in vain ;
And fears that I the damsel shall obtain ;
Thou, varlet, dost thy master's gain devour :
Thou milk'st his ewes, and often twice an hour ;
Of grafs and fodder thou defraud'st the dams ;
And of their mother's dugs the starving lambs.

DAM. Good words, young favourite, at least to men :
We know who did your business, how, and when.

And in what chapel too you plaid your prize ;
 And what the goats observ'd with leering eyes :
 The nymphs were kind, and laugh'd ; and there
 your safety lies.

MEN. Yes, when I cropt the hedges of the leys,
 Cut Mycon's tender vines, and stole the stays.

DAM. Or rather, when beneath yon ancient oak,
 The bow of Daphnis and the shafts you broke :
 When the fair boy receiv'd the gift of right ;
 And but for mischief, you had dy'd for spight. [prate,

MEN. What nonsense wou'd the fool thy master
 When thou, his knave, can'st talk at such a rate !
 Did I not see you, rascal, did I not !
 When you lay snug to snap young Damon's goat ?
 His mungrel bark'd, I ran to his relief,
 And cry'd, There, there he goes ! stop, stop the thief !
 Discover'd and defeated of your prey,
 You skulk'd behind the fence, and sneak'd away.

DAM. An honest man may freely take his own ;
 The goat was mine, by singing fairly won.
 A solemn match was made ; he lost the prize,
 Ask Damon, ask if he the debt denies ;
 I think he dares not, if he does, he lyes.

MEN. Thou sing with him ! thou booby ! never pipe
 Was so profan'd to touch that blubber'd lip :
 Dunce at the best, in streets but scarce allow'd
 To tickle, on thy straw, the stupid crowd.

DAM. To bring it to the trial, will you dare
 Our pipes, our skill, our voices to compare ?
 My brinded heifer to the stake I lay ;
 Two thriving calves she suckles twice a day :

And twice besides her beestings never fail
To store the dairy with a brimming pail.

Now back your finging with an equal stake.

MEN. That shou'd be seen, if I had one to make.

You know too well I feed my father's flock :

What can I wager from the common stock ?

A stepdame too I have, a cursed she,

Who rules my hen-peck'd fire, and orders me.

Both number twice a day the milky dams ;

And once she takes the tale of all the lambs.

But since you will be mad, and since you may

Suspect my courage, if I should not lay ;

The pawn I proffer shall be full as good :

Two bowls I have, well turn'd of beechen wood ;

Both by divine Alcimedon were made ;

To neither of them yet the lip is laid.

The lids are ivy, grapes in clusters lurk,

Beneath the carving of the curious work.

Two figures on the sides emboss'd appear ;

Conon, and what's his name who made the sphere, }
And shew'd the seasons of the sliding year ;

Instructed in his trade the lab'ring swain,

And when to reap and when to sow the grain ?

DAM. And I have two, to match your pair, at home ;

The wood the same, from the same hand they come ;

The kimbo handles seem with bears-foot carv'd ;

And never yet to table have been serv'd :

Where Orpheus on his lyre laments his love,

With beasts encompass'd, and a dancing grove :

But these, nor all the proffers you can make

Are worth the heifer which I set to stake.

MEN. No more delays, vain boaster, but begin :
 I prophecy before-hand I shall win.
 Palaemon shall be judge how ill you rhyme ;
 I'll teach you how to brag another time.

DAM. Rhymers come on, and do the worst you can :
 I fear not you, nor yet a better man.
 With silence, neighbour, and attention wait :
 For 'tis a business of a high debate.

PAL. Sing then ; the shade affords a proper place ;
 The trees are cloth'd with leaves, the fields with grafs ;
 The blossoms blow ; the birds on bushes sing ;
 And nature has accomplish'd all the spring.
 The challenge to Damoetas shall belong ;
 Menalcas shall sustain his under song :
 Each in his turn your tuneful numbers bring ;
 By turns the tuneful Muses love to sing.

DAM. From the great father of the gods above
 My Muse begins ; for all is full of Jove ;
 To Jove the care of heav'n and earth belongs ;
 My flocks he blesses, and he loves my songs.

MEN. Me P'hoebus loves ; for he my Muse inspires ;
 And in her songs the warmth he gave requires.
 For him, the god of shepherds and their sheep,
 My blushing hyacinths, and my bays I keep.

DAM. My Phyllis me with pelted apples plies ;
 Then tripping to the woods the wanton hies :
 And wishes to be seen, before she flies.

MEN. But fair Amyntas comes unask'd to me ;
 And offers love ; and sits upon my knee :
 Not Delia to my dogs is known so well as he.

DAM. To the dear mistress of my love-sick mind,
 Her swain a pretty present has design'd :

I saw two stock-doves billing, and ere long
Will take the nest, and her's shall be the young.

MEN. Ten ruddy wildings in the wood I found,
And stood on tip-toes, reaching to the ground.
I sent Amyntas all my present store;
And will, to morrow, send as many more.

DAM. The lovely maid lay panting in my arms;
And all she said and all she did was full of charms.
Winds, on your wings to heav'n her accents bear;
Such words as heav'n alone is fit to hear.

MEN. Ah! what avails it me, my love's delight,
To call you mine, when absent from my sight!
I hold the nets while you pursue the prey;
And must not share the dangers of the day.

DAM. I keep my birth-day: Send my P'hyllis home;
At sheering-time, Iolas, you may come.

MEN. With Phyllis I am more in grace than
Her sorrow did my parting steps pursue; [you:
Adieu my dear, she said, a long adieu. }

DAM. The nightly wolf is baneful to the fold,
Storms to the wheat, to buds the bitter cold;
But from my frowning fair more ills I find,
Than from the wolves, and storms, and winter-wind.

MEN. The kids with pleasure browse the bushy plain,
The show'rs are grateful to the swelling grain,
'To teeming ewes the fallow's tender tree;
But more than all the world my love to me.

DAM. Pollio my rural verse vouchsafes to read:
A heifer, Muses, for your patron breed.

MEN. My Pollio writes himself: A bull be bred,
With spurning heels, and with a butting head.

DAM. Who Pollio loves, and who his Muse admires,
 Let Pollio's fortune crown his full desires :
 Let myrrh instead of thorn his fences fill :
 And show'rs of honey from his oaks distill.

MEN. Who hates not living Bavus, let him be,
 Dead Maevius, damn'd to love thy works and thee :
 The same ill taste of sense wou'd serve to join
 Dog-foxes in the yoke, and sheer the swine.

DAM. Ye boys who pluck the flowers, and spoil the
 Beware the secret snake that shoots a sting. [spring,

MEN. Graze not too near the banks, my jolly sheep,
 The ground is false, the running streams are deep :
 See ! they have caught the father of the flock,
 Who dries his fleece upon the neighb'ring rock.

DAM. From rivers drive the kids, and sling your
 Anon I'll wash 'em in the shallow brook. [hook;

MEN. To fold, my flock ; when milk is dry'd with
 In vain the milk-maid tugs an empty teat. [heat,

DAM. How lank my bulls from plenteous pasture
 come!

But love, that drains the herd, destroys the groom.

MEN. My flocks are free from love ; yet look so thin,
 Their bones are barely cover'd with their skin.
 What magic has bewitch'd the woolly dams,
 And what ill eyes beheld the tender lambs ?

DAM. Say, where the round of heav'n, which all
 contains,
 To three short ells on earth our sight restrains :
 Tell that, and raise a Phoebus for thy pains.

MEN. Nay, tell me first, in what new region springs
 A flow'r, that bears inscrib'd the names of kings :
 And thou shalt gain a present as divine
 As Phoebus self ; for Phyllis shall be thine.

PAL. So nice a diff'rence in your singing lies,
 That both have won, or both deserve the prize.
 Rest equal happy both; and all who prove
 The bitter sweets, and pleasing pains of love.
 Now dam the ditches, and the floods restrain;
 Their moisture has already drench'd the plain.

THE FOURTH PASTORAL;

O R,

P O L L I O.

THE ARGUMENT.

THE Poet celebrates the birth-day of Salonus, the son of Pollio, born in the consulship of his father, after the taking of Salonae, a city in Dalmatia. Many of the verses are translated from one of the Sybils, who prophesy of our Saviour's birth.

SICILIAN Muse, begin a loftier strain!
 Though lowly shrubs and trees that shade the plain,
 Delight not all; Sicilian Muse, prepare
 To make the vocal woods deserve a consul's care.
 The last great age, foretold by sacred rhymes,
 Renews its finish'd course; Saturnian times
 Roll round again, and mighty years, begun
 From their bright orb, in radiant circles run.
 The base degenerate iron-offspring ends;
 A golden progeny from heav'n descends;

O chaste Lucina, speed the mother's pains,
And haste the glorious birth; thy own Apollo reigns !
The lovely boy, with his auspicious face,
Shall Pollio's consulship and triumph grace; [race. }
Majestic months set out with him to their appointed }
The father banish'd virtue shall restore,
And crimes shall threat the guilty world no more.
The son shall lead the life of gods, and be
By gods and heroes seen, and gods and heroes see.
The jarring nations he in peace shall bind,
And with paternal virtues rule mankind.
Unbidden earth shall wreathing ivy bring,
And fragrant herbs (the promises of spring) }
As her first off'rings to her infant king. }
The goats with strutting dugs shall homeward speed,
And lowing herds, secure from lions feed.
His cradle shall with rising flow'rs be crown'd ;
The serpents brood shall die: The sacred ground
Shall weeds and pois'nous plants refuse to bear ;
Each common bush shall Syrian roses wear.
But when heroic verse his youth shall raise,
And form it to hereditary praise ;
Unlabour'd harvests shall the fields adorn,
And cluster'd grapes shall blush on ev'ry thorn.
The knotted oaks shall show'rs of honey weep,
And through the matted grass the liquid gold shall creep.
Yet, of old fraud some footsteps shall remain,
The merchant still shall plough the deep for gain :
Great cities shall with walls be compass'd round ;
And sharpen'd shares shall vex the fruitful ground.
Another Typhis shall new seas explore,
Another Argos land the chiefs upon th' Iberian shore.

Another Helen other wars create,
And great Achilles urge the Trojan fate.
But when to ripen'd manhood he shall grow,
The greedy failor shall the seas forego ;
No keel shall cut the waves for foreign ware ;
For ev'ry foil shall ev'ry product bear.
The labouring hind his oxen shall disjoin ;
No plow shall hurt the glebe, no pruning-hook the }
Nor wool shall in dissembled colours shine : [vine :
But the luxurious father of the fold,
With native purple, or unborrow'd gold,
Beneath his pompous fleece shall proudly sweat :
And under Tyrian robes the lamb shall bleat.
'The fates, when they this happy web have spun,
Shall blest the sacred clue, and bid it smoothly run.
Mature in years to ready honours move,
O of coelestial seed, O foster-son of Jove !
See lab'ring nature calls thee to sustain
The nodding frame of heav'n, and earth, and main ;
See to their base restor'd, earth, seas, and air,
And joyful ages from behind, in crowding ranks appear.
To sing thy praise wou'd heav'n my breath prolong,
Infusing spirits worthy such a song ;
Nor Thracian Orpheus should transcend my lays,
Nor Linus crown'd with never-fading bays :
Though each his heav'nly parent shou'd inspire ;
The Muse instruct the voice, and Phoebus tune the lyre.
Shou'd Pan contend in verse, and thou my theme,
Arcadian judges shou'd their god condemn.
Begin, auspicious boy, to cast about
Thy infant eyes, and with a smile thy mother single out ;
'Thy mother well deserves that short delight, [requite.
The nauseous qualms of ten long months and travel to

Then smile ; the frowning infant's doom is read ;
 No god shall crown the board, nor goddess bless the bed.

THE
 FIFTH PASTORAL:

OR,
 DAPHNIS.

THE ARGUMENT.

Mopsus and Menalcas, two very expert shepherds at a song, begin one by consent to the memory of Daphnis ; who is supposed by the best critics to represent Julius Caesar. Mopsus laments his death ; Menalcas proclaims his divinity : The whole eclogue consisting of an elegy and an apotheosis.

MENALCAS.

SINCE on the downs our flocks together feed,
 And since my voice can match your tuneful reed,
 Why sit we not beneath the grateful shade,
 Which hazles, intermix'd with elms, have made ?

MOP. Whether you please that sylvan scene to take,
 Where whistling winds uncertain shadows make :
 Or will you to the cooler cave succeed,
 Whose mouth the curling vines have overspread ?

MEN. Your merit and your years command the choice :
 Amyntas only rivals you in voice.

MOP. What will not that presuming shepherd dare,
Who thinks his voice with Phoebus may compare?

MEN. Begin you first; if either Alcon's praise,
Or dying Phyllis have inspired your lays:
If her you mourn, or Codrus you commend;
Begin, and Tityrus your flock shall tend.

MOP. Or shall I rather the sad verse repeat,
Which on the beech's bark I lately writ:
I writ, and sung betwixt; now bring the swain
Whose voice you boast, and let him try the strain.

MEN. Such as the shrubs to the tall olive shows,
Or the pale fallow to the blushing rose;
Such is his voice, if I can judge aright,
Compar'd to thine, in sweetness and in height.

MOP. No more, but sit and hear the promis'd lay;
The gloomy grotto makes a doubtful day:
The nymphs about the breathless body wait
Of Daphnis, and lament his cruel fate.

The trees and floods were witness to their tears:
At length the rumour reach'd his mother's ears.
The wretched parent, with a pious haste,
Came running, and his lifeless limbs embrac'd:
She sigh'd, she sobb'd; and, furious with despair,
She rent her garments, and she tore her hair:
Accusing all the gods and ev'ry star.

The swains forgot their sheep, nor near the brink
Of running waters brought their herds to drink.
The thirsty cattle, of themselves, abstain'd
From water, and their grassy fare disdain'd.

The death of Daphnis woods and hills deplore;
They cast the sound to Lybia's desert shore;
The Lybian lions hear, and hearing roar.

Fierce tigers Daphnis taught the yoke to bear;
And first with curling ivy dress'd the spear:
Daphnis did rites to Bacchus first ordain;
And holy revels for his reeling train.
As vines the trees, as grapes the vines adorn,
As bulls the herds, and fields the yellow corn;
So bright a splendor, so divine a grace,
The glorious Daphnis cast on his illustrious race.
When envious Fate the godlike Daphnis took,
Our guardian gods the fields and plains forsook:
Pales no longer swell'd the teeming grain,
Nor Phoebus fed his oxen on the plain:
No fruitful crop the sickly fields return;
But oats and darnel choak the rising corn.
And where the vales with violets once were crown'd,
Now knotty burs and thorns disgrace the ground.
Come, shepherds, come, and strow with leaves the plain;
Such funeral rites your Daphnis did ordain.
With cypress boughs the crystal fountains hide,
And softly let the running waters glide;
A lasting monument to Daphnis raise;
With this inscription to record his praise:
Daphnis, the fields delight, the shepherds love,
Renown'd on earth, and deify'd above;
Whose flock excell'd the fairest on the plains,
But less than he himself surpass'd the swains.

MEN. Oh heav'nly poet! such thy verse appears,
So sweet, so charming to my ravish'd ears,
As to the weary swain, with cares oppress'd,
Beneath the sylvan shade, refreshing rest;
As to the feverish traveller, when first
He finds a crystal stream to quench his thirst.

In singing, as in piping, you excel ;
 And scarce your master could perform so well.
 O fortunate young man, at least your lays
 Are next to his, and claim the second praise.
 Such as they are, my rural songs I join,
 To raise our Daphnis to the pow'rs divine ;
 For Daphnis was so good to love whate'er was mine. }

MOP. How is my soul with such a promise rais'd !
 For both the boy was worthy to be prais'd ;
 And Stimichon has often made me long,
 To hear, like him, so soft, so sweet a song. [eyes,

MEN. Daphnis, the guest of heav'n, with wond'ring
 Views in the milky way the starry skies :
 And far beneath him, from the shining sphere,
 Beholds the moving clouds and rolling year.
 For this, with chearful cries the woods resound ;
 The purple spring arrays the various ground :
 The nymphs and shepherds dance, and Pan himself
 is crown'd. }

The wolf no longer prowls for nightly spoils,
 Nor birds the springes fear, nor stags the toils :
 For Daphnis reigns above ; and deals from thence
 His mother's milder beams and peaceful influence.
 The mountain tops unshorn, the rocks rejoice ;
 The lowly shrubs partake of human voice.
 Assenting Nature, with a gracious nod,
 Proclaims him, and salutes the new admitted god.
 Be still propitious, ever good to thine :
 Behold four hallow'd altars we design ;
 And two to thee, and two to Phoebus rise ;
 On both are offer'd annual sacrifice.

The holy priests, at each returning year,
 Two bowls of milk and two of oil shall bear;
 And I myself the guests with friendly bowls will cheer.
 Two goblets will I crown with sparkling wine,
 The gen'rous vintage of the Chian vine;
 These will I pour to thee, and make the nectar thine.
 In winter shall the genial feast be made
 Before the fire; by summer in the shade.
 Damoetas shall perform the rites divine;
 And Lyctian Ægon in the song shall join.
 Alphefiboëus, tripping, shall advance,
 And mimic satyrs in his antic dance.
 When to the nymphs our annual rites we pay,
 And when our fields with victims we survey:
 While savage boars delight in shady woods,
 And finny fish inhabit in the floods;
 While bees on thyme, and locusts feed on dew,
 Thy grateful swains these honours shall renew.
 Such honours as we pay to pow'rs divine,
 To Bacchus and to Ceres, shall be thine.
 Such annual honours shall be giv'n, and thou
 Shalt hear, and shalt condemn thy suppliants to their
 vow.

MOP. What present worth thy verse can Mopsus find!
 Not the soft whispers of the southern wind,
 That play through trembling trees, delight me more;
 Nor murm'ring billows on the sounding shore;
 Nor winding streams that through the valley glide;
 And the scarce cover'd pebbles gently chide.

MEN. Receive you first this tuneful pipe; the same
 That play'd my Corydon's unhappy flame.

The same that sung Neaera's conqu'ring eyes;
And, had the judge been just, had won the prize.

MO P. Accept from me this sheep-hook in exchange,
The handle brags; the knobs in equal range.
Antigenes, with kisses, often try'd
To beg this present, in his beauty's pride;
When youth and love are hard to be deny'd.
But what I could refuse, to his request,
Is yours unask'd, for you deserve it best.

T H E
S I X T H P A S T O R A L ;

O R,
S I L E N U S.

T H E A R G U M E N T.

T W O young shepherds, Chromis and Mnasyllus, having been often promised a song by Silenus, chance to catch him asleep in this pastoral ; where they bind him hand and foot, and then claim his promise. Silenus, finding they would be put off no longer, begins his song ; in which he describes the formation of the universe, and the original of animals, according to the Epicurean philosophy ; and then runs through the most surprising transformations which have happened in nature since her birth. This pastoral was designed as a compliment to Syro the Epicurean, who instructed Virgil and Varus in the principles of that philosophy. Silenus acts as tutor, Chromis and Mnasyllus as the two pupils.

I First transferr'd to Rome Sicilian strains :
Nor blush'd the Doric muse to dwell on Mantuan
plains.

But when I try'd her tender voice, too young ;
And fighting kings, and bloody battles sung,
Apollo check'd my pride ; and bade me feed
My fat'ning flocks, nor dare beyond the reed.

Admonish'd thus, while ev'ry pen prepares
To write thy praises, Varus, and thy wars,
My past'ral Muse her humble tribute brings ;
And yet not wholly uninspir'd she sings.

For all who read, and reading, not disdain
These rural poems, and their lowly strain,
The name of Varus, oft inscrib'd shall see,
In ev'ry grove, and ev'ry vocal tree ;

And all the sylvan reign shall sing of thee :
Thy name, to Phoebus and the Muses known,
Shall in the front of ev'ry page be shown :
For he who sings thy praise, secures his own.

Proceed, my Muse : Two satyrs, on the ground,
Stretch'd at his ease, their sire Silenus found.

Doz'd with his fumes, and heavy with his load,
'They found him snoring in his dark abode ;
And seiz'd with youthful arms the drunken god.

His rosy wreath was dropt not long before,
Borne by the tide of wine, and floating on the floor.

His empty can, with ears half worn away,
Was hung on high, to boast the triumph of the day.

Invaded thus, for want of better bands,
His garland they unstring, and bind his hands :

For by the fraudulent god deluded long,
'They now resolve to have their promis'd song :

Ægle came in, to make their party good,
The fairest Nais of the neighb'ring flood;
And, while he stares around with stupid eyes,
His brows with berries and his temples dyes.
He finds the fraud, and, with a smile, demands
On what design the boys had bound his hands.
Loose me, he cry'd; 'twas impudence to find
A sleeping god; 'tis sacrilege to bind.
To you the promis'd poem I will pay;
The nymph shall be rewarded in her way.
He rais'd his voice; and soon a num'rous throng
Of tripping satyrs crowded to the song;
And sylvan fauns, and savage beasts advanc'd,
And nodding forests to the numbers danc'd.
Not by Haemonian hills the Thracian bard,
Nor awful Phoebus was on Pindus heard,
With deeper silence, or with more regard. }
He sung the secret seeds of Nature's frame;
How seas, and earth, and air, and active flame,
Fell through the mighty void; and, in their fall,
Were blindly gather'd in this goodly ball.
The tender soil then stiff'ning by degrees,
Shut from the bounded earth the bounding seas.
Then earth and ocean various forms disclose;
And a new sun to the new world arose:
And mists, condens'd to clouds, obscure the sky;
And clouds dissolv'd, the thirsty ground supply.
The rising trees the lofty mountains grace: }
The lofty mountains feed the savage race;
Yet few, and strangers, in th' unpeopl'd place. }
From thence the birth of man the song pursu'd;
And how the world was lost, and how renew'd.

The reign of Saturn, and the golden age;
 Prometheus' theft, and Jove's avenging rage.
 The cries of Argonauts for Hylas drown'd;
 With whose repeated name the shores resound.
 Then mourns the madness of the Cretan queen;
 Happy for her if herds had never been.
 What fury, wretched woman, seiz'd thy breast!
 The maids of Argos, (though with rage possess'd,
 Their imitated lowings fill'd the grove)
 Yet shunn'd the guilt of thy prepost'rous love.
 Nor fought the youthful husband of the herd,
 Tho' lab'ring yokes on their own necks they fear'd;
 And felt for budding horns on their smooth fore-
 heads rear'd.

Ah, wretched queen! you range the pathless wood;
 While on a flow'ry bank he chaws the cud;
 Or sleeps in shades, or through the forest roves;
 And roars with anguish for his absent loves.
 Ye nymphs, with toils his forest-walk surround,
 And trace his wand'ring footsteps on the ground.
 But, ah! perhaps my passion he disdains;
 And courts the milky mothers of the plains.
 We search th' ungrateful fugitive abroad;
 While they at home sustain his happy load.
 He sung the lover's fraud; the longing maid,
 With golden fruit, like all the sex, betray'd.
 The sisters mourning for their brother's loss,
 Their bodies hid in barks, and furr'd with moss;
 How each a rising alder now appears;
 And o'er the Po distils her gummy tears.
 Then sung how Gallus, by a Muse's hand,
 Was led and welcom'd to the sacred strand.

The senate rising to salute their guest;
And Linus thus their gratitude exprefs'd:
Receive this present, by the Muses made;
The pipe on which th' Ascræan pastor play'd:
With which of old he charm'd the savage train,
And call'd the mountain-ashes to the plain.
Sing thou on this, thy Phoebus; and the wood
Where once his fane of Parian marble stood:
On this his antient oracles rehearse;
And with new numbers grace the god of verse.
Why should I sing the double Scylla's fate,
The first by love transform'd, the last by hate:
A beauteous maid above, but magic arts
With barking dogs deform'd her nether parts.
What vengeance on the passing fleet she pour'd,
The master frighted, and the mates devour'd.
Then ravish'd Philomel the song exprest;
The crime reveal'd; the sisters cruel feast;
And how in fields the lapwing Tereus reigns;
The warbling nightingale in woods complains.
While Progne makes on chimney tops her moan;
And hovers o'er the palace once her own.
Whatever songs besides, the Delphian god
Had taught the laurels and the Spartan flood,
Silenus sung; the vales his voice rebound;
And carry to the skies the sacred sound.
And now the setting sun had warn'd the swain
To call his counted cattle from the plain:
Yet still th' unweary'd fire pursues the tuneful strain.
Till unperceiv'd the heav'ns with stars were hung:
And sudden night surpriz'd the yet unfinish'd song.

THE
SEVENTH PASTORAL;

O R,

MELIBOEUS.

THE ARGUMENT.

MELIBOEUS here gives us the relation of a sharp poetical contest between Thyrsis and Corydon ; at which he himself and Daphnis were present ; who both declared for Corydon.

BENEATH a holm repair'd two jolly swains ;
Their sheep and goats together graz'd the plains.
Both young Arcadians, both alike inspir'd
To sing, and answer as the song requir'd.
Daphnis, as umpire, took the middle seat ;
And fortune thither led my weary feet.
For while I fenc'd my myrtles from the cold,
The father of my flock had wander'd from the fold.
Of Daphnis I inquir'd ; he, smiling, said,
Dismiss your fear, and pointed where he fed.
And, if no greater cares disturb your mind,
Sit here with us, in covert of the wind.
Your lowing heifers, of their own accord,
At wat'ring time will seek the neighb'ring ford.

Here wanton Mincius winds along the meads,
And shades his happy banks with bending reeds :
And see from yon old oak, that mates the skies,
How black the clouds of swarming bees arise.
What shou'd I do ! nor was Alcippe nigh,
Nor absent Phyllis cou'd my care supply,
'To house, and feed by hand my weaning lambs,
And drain the strutting udders of their dams ?
Great was the strife betwixt the singing swains :
And I preferr'd my pleasure to my gains.
Alternate rhyme the ready champions chose,
These Corydon rehears'd, and Thyrsis those.

COR. Ye Muses, ever fair, and ever young,
Assist my numbers, and inspire my song.
With all my Codrus O inspire my breast !
For Codrus after Phoebus sings the best.
Or if my wishes have presum'd too high,
And stretch'd their bounds beyond mortality,
The praise of artful numbers I resign :
And hang my pipe upon the sacred pine.

THYR. Arcadian swains, your youthful poet crown
With ivy-wreaths ; tho' furly Codrus frown.
Or if he blast my Muse with envious praise,
Then fence my brows with amulets of bays ;
Lest his ill arts, or his malicious tongue,
Shou'd poison, or bewitch my growing song.

COR. These branches of a stag, this tusky boar
(The first essay of arms untry'd before)
Young Mycon offers, Delia, to thy shrine ;
But speed his hunting with thy pow'r divine ;
Thy statue then of Parian stone shall stand ;
Thy legs in buskins with a purple band.

THYR. This bowl of milk, these cakes, (our
 For thee, Priapus, yearly we prepare : [country fare,)
 Because a little garden is thy care.
 But if the falling lambs increase my fold,
 Thy marble statue shall be turn'd to gold.

COR. Fair Galatea, with thy silver feet,
 O, whiter than the swan, and more than Hybla sweet!
 Tall as the poplar, taper as the bole,
 Come charm thy shepherd, and restore my soul :
 Come, when my lated sheep at night return ;
 And crown the silent hours, and stop the rosy morn.

THYR. May I become as abject in thy sight,
 As sea-weed on the shore, and black as night :
 Rough as a bur, deform'd like him who chaws
 Sardinian herbage to contract his jaws ;
 Such and so monstrous let thy swain appear,
 If one day's absence looks not like a year.
 Hence from the field, for shame : The flock deserves
 No better feeding, while the shepherd starves.

COR. Ye mossy springs, inviting easy sleep,
 Ye trees, whose leafy shades those mossy fountains keep,
 Defend my flock, the summer heats are near,
 And blossoms on the swelling vines appear.

THYR. With heapy fires our chearful hearth is
 crown'd ;
 And firs for torches in the woods abound ;
 We fear not more the winds, and wint'ry cold,
 Than streams the banks, or wolves the bleating fold.

COR. Our woods, with juniper and chesnuts
 crown'd,
 With falling fruits and berries paint the ground ;
 And lavish nature laughs, and strows her stores around.

But if Alexis from our mountains fly,
Ev'n running rivers leave their channels dry.

THYR. Parch'd are the plains, and frying is the field,
Nor with'ring vines their juicy vintage yield.

But if returning Phyllis blefs the plain,
The grafs revives; the woods are green again;
And Jove descends in show'rs of kindly rain.

COR. The poplar is by great Alcides worn;
The brows of Phoebus his own bays adorn:
The branching vine the jolly Bacchus loves;
The Cyprian queen delights in myrtle groves.
With hazle Phyllis crowns her flowing hair,
And while she loves that common wreath to wear;
Nor bays, nor myrtle boughs, with hazle shall
compare.

THYR. The towring ash is fairest in the woods;
In gardens pines, and poplars by the floods:
But if my Lycidas will ease my pains,
And often visit our forsaken plains;
To him the tow'ring ash shall yield in woods;
In gardens pines, and poplars by the floods.

MEL. These rhymes I did to memory commend,
When vanquish'd Thyrsis did in vain contend;
Since when, 'tis Corydon among the swains;
Young Corydon without a rival reigns.

THE
EIGHTH PASTORAL;
OR,
PHARMACEUTRIA.

THE ARGUMENT.

THIS pastoral contains the songs of Damon and Alphesiboeus. The first of them bewails the loss of his mistress, and repines at the success of his rival Mopsus. The other repeats the charms of some enchantress, who endeavoured by her spells and magic to make Daphnis in love with her.

THE mournful Muse of two despairing swains,
The love rejected, and the lover's pains;
To which the savage lynxes list'ning stood;
The rivers stood on heaps, and stop'd the running flood;
The hungry herd their needful food refuse.

Of two despairing swains, I sing the mournful Muse.

Great Pollio, thou for whom thy Rome prepares
The ready triumph of thy finish'd wars,
Whether Timavus or th' Illyrian coast,
Whatever land or sea thy presence boast;
Is there an hour in fate reserv'd for me,
To sing thy deeds in numbers worthy thee?
In numbers like to thine, could I rehearse
Thy lofty tragic scenes, thy labour'd verse;

The world another Sophocles in thee,
 Another Homer should behold in me :
 Amidst thy laurels let this ivy twine,
 Thine was my earliest Muse ; my latest shall be thine.

Scarce from the world the shades of night withdrew ;
 Scarce were the flocks refresh'd with morning dew,
 When Damon, stretch'd beneath an olive shade,
 And wildly staring upwards, thus inveigh'd
 Against the conscious gods, and curs'd the cruel maid.
 Star of the morning, why dost thou delay ?

Come, Lucifer, drive on the lagging day.
 While I my Nisa's perjur'd faith deplore ;
 Witness ye pow'rs, by whom she falsely swore !
 The gods, alas ! are witnesses in vain ;
 Yet shall my dying breath to heav'n complain.
 Begin with me, my flute, the sweet Maenalian strain.

The pines of Maenalus, the vocal grove,
 Are ever full of verse, and full of love :
 They hear the hinds, they hear their god complain ;
 Who suffer'd not the reeds to rise in vain.
 Begin with me, my flute, the sweet Maenalian strain.

Mopsus triumphs ; he weds the willing fair ;
 When such is Nisa's choice, what lover can despair !
 Now griffons join with mares ; another age
 Shall see the hound and hind their thirst assuage
 Promiscuous at the spring : Prepare the lights,
 O Mopsus ! and perform the bridal rites.
 Scatter thy nuts among the scrambling boys :
 Thine is the night, and thine the nuptial joys.
 For thee the sun declines : O happy swain !
 Begin with me, my flute, the sweet Maenalian strain.

O Nisa ! justly to thy choice condemn'd !
 Whom hast thou taken, whom hast thou condemn'd !
 For him thou hast refus'd my browsing herd,
 Scorn'd my thick eye-brows, and my shaggy beard.
 Unhappy Damon sighs, and sings in vain :
 While Nisa thinks no god regards a lover's pain.
 Begin with me, my flute, the sweet Maenalian strain.

I view'd thee first ; how fatal was the view !
 And led thee where the ruddy wildings grew, [dew.
 High on the planted hedge, and wet with morning
 Then scarce the bending branches I could win ;
 The callow down began to cloath my chin ;
 I saw, I perish'd ; yet indulg'd my pain.

Begin with me, my flute, the sweet Maenalian strain.

I know thee, Love ; in deserts thou wert bred ;
 And at the dugs of savage tigers fed ;
 Alien of birth, usurper of the plains.

Begin with me, my flute, the sweet Maenalian strains.

Relentless love the cruel mother led,
 The blood of her unhappy babes to shed ;
 Love lent the sword ; the mother struck the blow ;
 Inhuman she ; but more inhuman thou.
 Alien of birth, usurper of the plains.

Begin with me, my flute, the sweet Maenalian strains.

Old doating Nature change thy course anew :
 And let the trembling lamb the wolf pursue :
 Let oaks now glitter with Hesperian fruit,
 And purple daffodils from alders shoot :
 Fat amber let the tamarisk distill ;
 And hooting owls contend with swans in skill :
 Hoarse Tityrus strive with Orpheus in the woods ;
 And challenge fam'd Arion on the floods,

Or, oh! let Nature cease; and Chaos reign.
Begin with me, my flute, the sweet Maenalian strain.

Let earth be sea; and let the 'whelming tide,
The lifeless limbs of luckless Damon hide:
Farewel, ye secret woods, and shady groves,
Haunts of my youth, and conscious of my loves!
From yon high cliff I plung'd into the main;
Take the last present of thy dying swain.

And cease, my silent flute, the sweet Maenalian strain.

Now take your turns, ye Muses, to rehearse
His friend's complaints; and mighty magic-verse.

Bring running water; bind those altars round
With fillets; and with vervain strow the ground:
Make fat with frankincense the sacred fires;
To re-inflame my Daphnis with desires.

'Tis done, we want but verse. Restore, my charms,
My ling'ring Daphnis to my longing arms.

Pale Phoebe, drawn by verse from heav'n descends:
And Circe chang'd with charms Ulysses' friends.

Verse breaks the ground, and penetrates the brake;
And in the winding caverns splits the snake:

Verse fires the frozen veins. Restore, my charms,
My lingring Daphnis to my longing arms.

Around his waxen image first I wind
Three woolen fillets, of three colours join'd:

Thrice bind about his thrice devoted head,
Which round the sacred altar thrice is led.

Unequal numbers please the gods. My charms,
Restore my Daphnis to my longing arms.

Knit with three knots the fillets, knit 'em streight;
And say, these knots to love I consecrate.

Haste, Amaryllis, haste: Restore, my charms,
My lovely Daphnis to my longing arms.

As fire this figure hardens, made of clay;
And this of wax with fire consumes away;
Such let the soul of cruel Daphnis be;
Hard to the rest of women, soft to me.
Crumble the sacred mole of salt and corn;
Next in the fire the bays with brimstone burn.
And while it crackles in the sulphur, say,
This, I for Daphnis burn; thus Daphnis burn away.
This laurel is his fate: Restore, my charms,
My lovely Daphnis to my longing arms.

As when the raging heifer, through the grove,
Stung with desire, pursues her wand'ring love;
Faint at the last, she seeks the weedy pools,
To quench her thirst, and on the rushes rows;
Careless of night, unmindful to return:
Such fruitless fires perfidious Daphnis burn.
While I so scorn his love: Restore, my charms,
My ling'ring Daphnis to my longing arms.

These garments once were his; and left to me;
The pledges of his promis'd loyalty:
Which underneath my threshold I bestow;
These pawns, O sacred earth! to me my Daphnis owe,
As these were his, so mine is he. My charms,
Restore their ling'ring lord to my deluded arms.

These pois'nous plants for magic use design'd,
(The noblest and the best of all the baneful kind,)
Old Moeris brought me from the Pontic strand:
And cull'd the mischief of a bounteous land.
Smear'd with these powerful juices, on the plain,
He howls a wolf among the hungry train:

And oft the mighty necromancer boasts,
With these, to call from tombs the stalking ghosts :
And from the roots to tear the standing corn ;
Which, whirl'd aloft, to distant fields is born.
Such is the strength of spells. Restore, my charms,
My ling'ring Daphnis to my longing arms.

Bear out these ashes ; cast 'em in the brook ;
Cast backwards o'er your head, nor turn your look :
Since neither gods, nor godlike verse can move,
Break out ye smother'd fires, and kindle smother'd love.
Exert your utmost pow'r, my ling'ring charms,
And force my Daphnis to my longing arms.

See, while my last endeavours I delay,
The waking ashes rise, and round our altars play !
Run to the threshold, Amaryllis, hark,
Our Hylas opens, and begins to bark.
Good heav'n ! may lovers what they wish believe ;
Or dream their wishes, and those dreams deceive !
No more ; my Daphnis comes ; no more, my charms ;
He comes, he runs, he leaps to my desiring arms.

T H E
N I N T H P A S T O R A L;
O R,
L Y C I D A S A N D M O E R I S.

T H E A R G U M E N T.

WHEN Virgil, by the favour of Augustus, had recovered his patrimony near Mantua, and went in hope to take possession, he was in danger to be slain by Arius the centurion, to whom those lands were assigned by the emperor, in reward of his service against Brutus and Cassius. This pastoral therefore is filled with complaints of his hard usage; and the persons introduced, are the bailif of Virgil, Moeris, and his friend Lycidas.

L Y C I D A S.

H O Moeris! whither on thy way so fast?
This leads to town.

MOER. O Lycidas, at last
The time is come I never thought to see
(Strange revolution for my farm and me)
When the grim captain in a surly tone
Cries out, Pack up ye rascals, and begone.
Kick'd out, we set the best face on't we cou'd;
And these two kids, t' appease his angry mood,
I bear, of which the furies give him good.

LYC. Your country-friends were told another tale;
That from the sloping mountain to the vale,
And dodder'd oak, and all the banks along,
Menalcas fav'd his fortune with a song.

MOER. Such was the news, indeed, but songs and
Prevail as much in these hard iron-times, [rhymes
As would a plump of trembling fowl, that rise
Against an eagle fousing from the skies.
And had not Phoebus warn'd me by the croak
Of an old raven, from a hollow oak,
To shun debate, Menalcas had been slain,
And Moeris not surviv'd him, to complain. [induce

LYC. Now heav'n defend! cou'd barb'rous rage
The brutal son of Mars t' insult the sacred Muse!
Who then shou'd sing the nymphs, or who rehearse
The waters gliding in a smoother verse!
Or Amaryllis' praise, that heav'nly lay,
That shorten'd as we went, our tedious way.
O Tityrus, tend my herd, and see them fed;
To morning-pastures, evening-waters led:
And 'ware the Lybian ridgil's butting head.

MOER. Or what unfinish'd he to Varus read;
Thy name, O Varus (if the kinder pow'rs
Preserve our plains and shield the Mantuan tow'rs,
Obnoxious by Cremona's neighb'ring crime,)
The wings of swans, and stronger pinion'd rhyme,
Shall raise aloft, and soaring bear above
Th' immortal gift of gratitude to Jove.

LYC. Sing on, sing on, for I can ne'er be cloy'd;
So may thy swarms the baleful yew avoid:
So may thy cows their burden'd bags distend;
And trees to goats their willing branches bend.

Mean as I am, yet have the Muses made
Me free, a member of the tuneful trade :
At least the shepherds seem to like my lays ;
But I discern their flatt'ry from their praise :
I nor to Cinna's ears, nor Varus' dare aspire ;
But gabble like a goose, amidst the swan-like quire.

MOER. 'Tis what I have been conning in my mind :
Nor are they verses of a vulgar kind.
Come, Galatea, come, the seas forsake ; [make ?
What pleasures can the tides with their hoarse murmurs
See, on the shore inhabits purple spring ;
Where nightingales their love-sick ditty sing ;
See, meads with purling streams, with flow'rs the
ground,
The grotto's cool, with shady poplars crown'd,
And creeping vines on arbours weav'd around. }
Come then and leave the wave's tumultuous roar,
Let the wild surges vainly beat the shore.

LYC. Or that sweet song I heard with such delight ;
The same you sung alone one starry night ;
The tune I still retain, but not the words.

MOER. Why, Daphnis, dost thou search in old re-
To know the seasons when the stars arise ? [cords,
See Caesar's lamp is lighted in the skies :
The star, whose rays the blushing grapes adorn,
And swell the kindly rip'ning ears of corn,
Under this influence graft the tender shoot ;
Thy children's children shall enjoy the fruit.
The rest I have forgot, for cares and time
Change all things, and untune my soul to rhyme :

I cou'd have once sung down a summer's fun,
But now the chime of poetry is done:
My voice grows hoarse; I feel the notes decay
As if the wolves had seen me first to-day.
But these, and more than I to mind can bring,
Menalcas has not yet forgot to sing.

LYC. Thy faint excuses but inflame me more;
And now the waves rowl silent to the shore.
Hush'd winds the topmost branches scarcely bend,
As if thy tuneful song they did attend:
Already we have half our way o'ercome;
Far off I can discern Bianor's tomb.
Here, where the labourer's hands have form'd a bow'r
Of wreathing trees, in singing waste an hour.
Rest here thy weary limbs, thy kids lay down,
We've day before us yet, to reach the town:
Or, if ere night the gath'ring clouds we fear,
A song will help the beating storm to bear.
And that thou may'st not be too late abroad,
Sing, and I'll ease thy shoulders of thy load.

MOER. Cease to request me, let us mind our way;
Another song requires another day.
When good Menalcas comes, if he rejoice,
And find a friend at court, I'll find a voice.

THE
TENTH PASTORAL;
OR,
GALLUS.

THE ARGUMENT.

GALLUS a great patron of Virgil, and an excellent poet, was very deeply in love with one Citheris, whom he calls Lycoris, and who had forsaken him for the company of a soldier. The poet therefore supposes his friend Gallus retir'd in his height of melancholy into the solitudes of Arcadia, (the celebrated scene of pastorals;) where he represents him in a very languishing condition, with all the rural deities about him, pitying his hard usage, and condoling his misfortune.

THY sacred succour, Arethusa, bring,
To crown my labour; 'tis the last I sing;
Which proud Lycoris may with pity view:
The Muse is mournful, tho' the numbers few.
Refuse me not a verse to grief and Gallus due.
So may thy silver streams beneath the tide,
Unmix'd with briny seas, securely glide.
Sing then, my Gallus, and his hopeless vows;
Sing, while my cattle crop the tender browze.

The vocal grove shall answer to the sound,
 And Echo, from the vales, the tuneful voice rebound.
 What lawns or woods with-held you from his aid,
 Ye nymphs, when Gallus was to love betray'd ;
 To love, unpity'd by the cruel maid ?
 Not steepy Pindus cou'd retard your course,
 Nor cleft Parnassus, nor th' Aonian source ;
 Nothing that owns the Muses cou'd suspend
 Your aid to Gallus, Gallus is their friend.
 For him the lofty laurel stands in tears ;
 And hung with humid pearls the lowly shrub appears.
 Maenalian pines the godlike swain bemoan ;
 When spread beneath a rock he sigh'd alone ;
 And cold Lycaeus wept from every dropping stone.
 The sheep surround their shepherd, as he lies :
 Blush not, sweet poet, nor the name despise :
 Along the streams his flock Adonis fed ;
 And yet the queen of beauty blest his bed.
 The swains and tardy neat-herds came, and last
 Menalcas, wet with beating winter-mast.
 Wond'ring, they ask'd from whence arose thy flame ;
 Yet, more amaz'd, thy own Apollo came.
 Flush'd were his cheeks, and glowing were his eyes :
 Is she thy care, is she thy care, he cries ?
 Thy false Lycoris flies thy love and thee ;
 And for thy rival tempts the raging sea,
 The forms of horrid war, and heav'n's inclemency.
 Sylvanus came : His brows a country-crown
 Of fennel, and of nodding lilies, drown.
 Great I'an arriv'd ; and we beheld him too,
 His cheeks and temples of vermilion hue.

Why, Gallus, this immod'rate grief, he cry'd :
 Think'st thou that love with tears is satisfy'd ?
 The meads are sooner drunk with morning-dews;
 The bees with flow'ry shrubs, the goats with browse.
 Unmov'd, and with dejected eyes, he mourn'd :
 He paus'd, and then these broken words return'd.
 'Tis past ; and pity gives me no relief :
 But you, Arcadian swains, shall sing my grief :
 And on your hills my last complaints renew ;
 So sad a song is only worthy you.
 How light wou'd lie the turf upon my breast,
 If you my suff'rings in your songs express ?
 Ah ! that your birth and bus'ness had been mine,
 To penn the sheep, and press the swelling vine !
 Had Phyllis or Amyntas caus'd my pain,
 Or any nymph, or shepherd on the plain,
 Tho' Phyllis brown, tho' black Amyntas were,
 Are violets not sweet, because not fair ?
 Beneath the fallows, and the shady vine,
 My loves had mix'd their pliant limbs with mine ;
 Phyllis with myrtle wreaths had crown'd my hair,
 And soft Amyntas sung away my care.
 Come, see what pleasures in our plains abound ;
 The woods, the fountains, and the flow'ry ground.
 As you are beauteous, were you half so true,
 Here cou'd I live, and love, and die with only you.
 Now I to fighting fields am sent afar,
 And strive in winter-camps with toils of war ;
 While you, (alas, that I shou'd find it so !)
 To shun my sight, your native soil forego, [snow.
 And climb the frozen Alps, and tread th' eternal

Ye frosts and snows, her tender body spare,
Those are not limbs for icicles to tear.
For me, the wilds and desarts are my choice;
The Muses, once my care; my once harmonious voice.
There will I sing, forsaken and alone,
The rocks and hollow caves shall echo to my moan.
The rind of ev'ry plant her name shall know;
And as the rind extends, the love shall grow.
Then on Arcadian mountains will I chase
(Mix'd with the woodland nymphs) the savage race.
Nor cold shall hinder me, with horns and hounds,
To thrid the thickets, or to leap the mounds.
And now methinks o'er steepy rocks I go : [an bow :
And rush through sounding woods, and bend the Parthi-
As if with sports my sufferings I could ease,
Or by my pains the god of love appease.
My frenzy changes, I delight no more
On mountain-tops to chase the tusky boar ;
No game but hopeless love my thoughts pursue : [adieu.
Once more ye nymphs, and songs, and sounding woods
Love alters not for us his hard decrees ;
Not tho' beneath the Thracian clime we freeze ;
Or Italy's indulgent heav'n forego ;
And in mid-winter tread Sithonian snow.
Or when the barks of elms are scorch'd, we keep
On Meroe's burning plains the Lybian sheep.
In hell, and earth, and seas, and heav'n above,
Love conquers all ; and we must yield to love.
My Muses, here your sacred raptures end :
The verse was what I ow'd my suff'ring friend.
This while I sung, my sorrows I deceiv'd,
And bending osiers into baskets weav'd.

The song, because inspir'd by you, shall shine :
 And Gallus will approve, because 'tis mine.
 Gallus, for whom my holy flames renew
 Each hour, and ev'ry moment rise in view ;
 As alders, in the spring, their boles extend ;
 And heave so fiercely, that the bark they rend.
 Now let us rise, for hoarseness oft invades
 The singer's voice, who sings beneath the shades.
 From junipers unwholsome dews distill,
 That blast the footy corn; the with'ring herbage kill;
 Away, my goats, away; for you have browz'd your
 fill.

VIRGIL'S GEORGICS.

BOOK I.

THE ARGUMENT.

THE poet, in the beginning of this book, propounds the general design of each Georgic : And, after a solemn invocation of all the gods who are any way related to his subject, he addresses himself in particular to Augustus, whom he compliments with divinity ; and after strikes into his business. He shews the different kinds of tillage proper to different soils, traces out the original of agriculture, gives a catalogue of the husbandman's tools, specifies the employments peculiar to each season, describes the changes of the weather, with the signs in heaven and earth that forebode them. Instances many of the prodigies that happened near the time of Julius Caesar's death. And shuts up all with a supplication to the gods for the safety of Augustus, and the preservation of Rome.

WHAT makes a plenteous harvest, when to turn
 The fruitful soil, and when to sow the corn;
 The care of sheep, of oxen, and of kine;
 And how to raise on elms the teeming vine:
 The birth and genius of the frugal bee:
 I sing, Maecenas, and I sing to thee.

Ye deities! who fields and plains protect,
 Who rule the seasons, and the year direct;
 Bacchus and fost'ring Ceres, pow'rs divine,
 Who gave us corn for mast, for water wine:
 Ye Fauns, propitious to the rural swains,
 Ye Nymphs that haunt the mountains and the plains,
 Join in my work, and to my numbers bring
 Your needful succour, for your gifts I sing.
 And thou, whose trident struck the teeming earth,
 And made a passage for the courser's birth.
 And thou, for whom the Caean shore sustains
 Thy milky herds, that graze the flow'ry plains.
 And thou, the shepherd's tutelary god,
 Leave, for a while, O Pan! thy lov'd abode:
 And, if Arcadian fleeces be thy care,
 From fields and mountains to my song repair.
 Inventor, Pallas, of the fat'ning oil,
 The founder of the plough and ploughman's toil,
 And thou, whose hands the shrewd-like cypress rear;
 Come all ye gods and goddesses, that wear
 The rural honours, and increase the year. }
 You, who supply the ground with seeds of grain;
 And you, who swell those seeds with kindly rain:
 And chiefly thou, whose undetermin'd state
 Is yet the business of the gods debate:

Whether in after-times to be declar'd
 The patron of the world, and Rome's peculiar guard,
 Or o'er the fruits and seasons to preside,
 And the round circuit of the year to guide;
 Pow'rful of blessings, which thou strew'st around,
 And with thy goddess's mother's myrtle crown'd.
 Or wilt thou, Caesar, chuse the wat'ry reign,
 To smoothe the surges, and correct the main?
 Then mariners, in storms, to thee shall pray,
 Ev'n utmost Thule shall thy pow'r obey;
 And Neptune shall resign the fasces of the sea.
 The wat'ry virgins for thy bed shall strive,
 And Tethys all her waves in dowry give.
 Or wilt thou blest our summers with thy rays,
 And, seated near the Balance, poise the days:
 Where in the void of heav'n a space is free,
 Betwixt the Scorpion and the Maid for thee.
 The Scorpion, ready to receive thy laws,
 Yields half his region, and contracts his claws.
 Whatever part of heav'n thou shalt obtain,
 For let not hell presume of such a reign;
 Nor let so dire a thirst of empire move
 Thy mind, to leave thy kindred gods above;
 Though Greece admires Elysium's blest'd retreat,
 Though Proserpine affects her silent seat,
 And, importun'd by Ceres to remove,
 Prefers the fields below to those above.
 But thou, propitious Caesar, guide my course,
 And to my bold endeavours add thy force.
 Pity the poet's and the ploughman's cares,
 Int'rest thy greatness in our mean affairs,
 And use thyself betimes to hear and grant our pray'rs.

While yet the spring is young, while earth unbinds,
 Her frozen bosom to the western winds;
 While mountain-snows dissolve against the sun,
 And streams, yet new, from precipices run.
 Ev'n in this early dawning of the year,
 Produce the plough, and yoke the sturdy steer,
 And goad him till he groans beneath his toil,
 Till the bright share is bury'd in the soil.
 That crop rewards the greedy peasant's pains,
 Which twice the sun, and twice the cold sustains,
 And bursts the crowded barns with more than pro-
 mis'd grains.

But ere we stir the yet unbroken ground,
 The various course of seasons must be found;
 The weather, and the setting of the winds,
 The culture suiting to the sev'ral kinds
 Of seeds and plants; and what will thrive and rise,
 And what the genius of the soil denies.
 This ground with Bacchus, that with Ceres suits:
 That other loads the trees with happy fruits.
 A fourth with grass, unbidden, decks the ground:
 Thus Tmolus is with yellow saffron crown'd;
 India black ebon and white ivory bears:
 And soft Idume weeps her od'rous tears.
 Thus Pontus sends her beaver-stones from far;
 And naked Spaniards temper steel for war.
 Epirus for th' Elean chariot breeds,
 (In hopes of palms), a race of running steeds.
 This is the orig'nal contract; these the laws
 Impos'd by Nature, and by Nature's cause,
 On fundry places, where Deucalion hurl'd
 His mother's entrails on the desert world:

Whence men, a hard laborious kind, were born.
 Then borrow part of winter for thy corn;
 And early with thy team the glebe in furrows turn.
 That, while the turf lies open and unbound,
 Succeeding suns may bake the mellow ground.
 But if the soil be barren, only scar
 The surface, and but lightly print the share,
 When cold Arcturus rises with the sun:
 Lest wicked weeds the corn should over-run
 In wat'ry soils; or, lest the barren sand
 Shou'd suck the moisture from the thirsty land.
 Both these unhappy soils the swain forbears,
 And keeps a sabbath of alternate years:
 That the spent earth may gather heart again;
 And, better'd by cessation, bear the grain.
 At least, where vetches, pulse, and tares have stood,
 And stalks of lupines grew (a stubborn wood :)
 Th' ensuing season, in return, may bear
 The bearded product of the golden year.
 For flax and oats will burn the tender field,
 And sleepy poppies harmful harvests yield.
 But sweet vicissitudes of rest and toil
 Make easy labour, and renew the soil.
 Yet sprinkle sordid ashes all around,
 And load with fat'ning dung thy fallow ground.
 Thus change of seeds for meagre soils is best;
 And earth manur'd, not idle, though at rest.

Long practice has a sure improvement found,
 With kindled fires to burn the barren ground;
 When the light stubble, to the flames resign'd,
 Is driv'n along, and crackles in the wind.

Whether from hence the hollow womb of earth
 Is warm'd with secret strength for better birth;
 Or when the latent vice is cur'd by fire,
 Redundant humours through the pores expire;
 Or that the warmth distends the chinks, and makes
 New breathings, whence new nourishment she takes;
 Or that the heat the gaping ground constrains,
 New knits the surface, and new strings the veins;
 Lest soaking show'rs shou'd pierce her secret seat,
 Or freezing Boreas chill her genial heat,
 Or scorching suns too violently beat.

Nor is the profit small the peasant makes,
 Who smooths with harrows, or who pounds with rakes
 The crumbling clods: Nor Ceres from on high
 Regards his labours with a grudging eye:
 Nor his who ploughs across the furrow'd grounds,
 And on the back of earth inflicts new wounds:
 For he with frequent exercise commands
 Th' unwilling soil, and tames the stubborn lands.

Ye swains, invoke the pow'rs who rule the sky,
 For a moist summer, and a winter dry:
 For winter drought rewards the peasant's pain,
 And broods indulgent on the bury'd grain.
 Hence Mysia boasts her harvests, and the tops
 Of Gargarus admire their happy crops.
 When first the soil receives the fruitful seed,
 Make no delay, but cover it with speed:
 So, fenc'd from cold, the pliant furrows break,
 Before the surly clod resists the rake;
 And call the floods from high to rush amain,
 With pregnant streams, to swell the teeming grain.

Then when the fiery suns too fiercely play,
And shrivell'd herbs on with'ring stems decay,
The wary ploughman, on the mountain's brow,
Undams his wat'ry stores; huge torrents flow;
And, rattling down the rocks, large moisture yield,
Temp'ring the thirsty fever of the field.
And lest the stem, too feeble for the freight,
Shou'd scarce sustain the head's unweildy weight,
Sends in his feeding flocks betimes t' invade
The rising bulk of the luxuriant blade;
Ere yet th' aspiring offspring of the grain
O'ertops the ridges of the furrow'd plain:
And drains the standing waters, when they yield
Too large a bev'rage to the drunken field.
But most in autumn, and the show'ry spring,
When dubious months uncertain weather bring;
When fountains open, when impetuous rain
Swells hasty brooks, and pours upon the plain;
When earth with slime and mud is cover'd o'er;
Or hollow places spue their wat'ry store.
Nor yet the ploughman, nor the lab'ring steer,
Sustain alone the hazards of the year:
But glutton geese, and the Strymonian crane,
With foreign troops invade the tender grain:
And tow'ring weeds malignant shadows yield;
And spreading succ'ry choaks the rising field.
The fire of gods and men, with hard decrees,
Forbids our plenty to be brought with ease:
And wills that mortal men, inur'd to toil,
Should exercise, with pains, the grudging soil.
Himself invented first the shining share,
And whetted human industry by care:

Himself did handicrafts and arts ordain;
Nor suffer'd sloth to rust his active reign.
Ere this, no peasant vex'd the peaceful ground;
Which only turfs and greens for altars found;
No fences parted fields, nor marks nor bounds
Distinguish'd acres of litigious grounds:
But all was common, and the fruitful earth
Was free to give her unexacted birth.
Jove added venom to the viper's brood,
And swell'd with raging storms the peaceful flood;
Commission'd hungry wolves t' infest the fold;
And shook from oaken leaves the liquid gold.
Remov'd from human reach the chearful fire,
And from the rivers bad the wine retire:
That studious need might useful arts explore,
From furrow'd fields to reap the foodful store:
And force the veins of clashing flints t' expire
The lurking seeds of their celestial fire.
Then first on seas the hollow'd alder swam;
'Then sailors quarter'd heav'n, and found a name
For ev'ry fix'd and ev'ry wand'ring star,
'The Pleiads, Hyads, and the northern car.
Then toils for beasts, and lime for birds were found,
And deep-mouth'd dogs did forest-walks furround:
And casting nets were spread in shallow brooks;
Drags in the deep, and baits were hung on hooks.
'Then saws were tooth'd, and founding axes made;
(For wedges first did yielding wood invade:)
And various arts in order did succeed;
(What cannot endless labour urg'd by need?)
First Ceres taught the ground with grain to sow,
And arm'd with iron shares the crooked plough:

When now Dodonian oaks no more supply'd
Their mast, and trees their forest-fruit deny'd.
Soon was his labour doubl'd to the swain,
And blasted mildews blacken'd all his grain.
Tough thistles choak'd the fields, and kill'd the corn,
And an unthrifty crop of weeds was born.
Then burrs and brambles, an unbidden crew
Of graceless guests, th' unhappy field subdue:
And oats unblest'd, and darnel domineers,
And shoots its head above the shining ears.
So that, unless the land with daily care
Is exercis'd, and with an iron war,
Of rakes and harrows, the proud foes expell'd,
And birds with clamours frighted from the field;
Unless the boughs are lopp'd that shade the plain,
And heav'n invok'd with vows for fruitful rain,
On other crops you may with envy look,
And shake for food the long-abandon'd oak.
Nor must we pass untold what arms they wield,
Who labour tillage and the furrow'd field:
Without whose aid the ground her corn denies,
And nothing can be sown, and nothing rise.
The crooked plough, the share, the tow'ring height
Of waggons, and the cart's unwieldy weight;
The sled, the tumbril, hurdles, and the flail,
The fan of Bacchus, with the flying sail:
These all must be prepar'd, if ploughmen hope
The promis'd blessing of a bounteous crop.
Young elms with early force in copses bow,
Fit for the figure of the crooked plough.

Of eight foot long a fasten'd beam prepare,
On either side the head produce an ear,
And sink a socket for the shining share.
Of beech the plough-tail, and the bending yoke;
Or softer linden harden'd in the smoke.
I cou'd be long in precepts; but I fear
So mean a subject might offend your ear.
Delve of convenient depth your threshing-floor;
With temper'd clay then fill and face it o'er;
And let the weighty roller run the round,
To smoothe the surface of th' unequal ground:
Lest, crack'd with summer-heats the flooring flies,
Or sinks, and through the crannies weeds arise.
For sundry foes the rural realm surround:
The field-mouse builds her garner under ground;
For gather'd grain, the blind laborious mole,
In winding mazes works her hidden hole.
In hollow caverns vermin make abode;
The hissing serpent, and the swelling toad:
The corn-devouring weezle here abides;
And the wise ant her wint'ry store provides.

Mark well the flow'ring almonds in the wood;
If od'rous blooms the bearing branches load,
The glebe will answer to the sylvan reign;
Great heats will follow, and large crops of grain.
But if a wood of leaves o'ershade the tree,
Such and so barren will thy harvest be;
In vain the hind shall vex the threshing-floor,
For empty chaff and straw will be thy store.
Some steep their feed, and some in cauldrons boil,
With vig'rous nitre, and with lees of oil,

O'er gentle fires; th' exuberant juice to drain,
 And swell the flatt'ring husks with fruitful grain.
 Yet is not the success for years assur'd,
 Though chosen is the seed, and fully cur'd ;
 Unless the peasant, with his annual pain,
 Renews his choice, and culls the largest grain.
 Thus all below, whether by nature's curse,
 Or fate's decree, degen'rate still to worse.
 So the boats brawny crew the current stem,
 And, slow advancing, struggle with the stream :
 But if they slack their hands, or cease to strive,
 Then down the flood with headlong haste they drive.

Nor must the ploughman less observe the skies, .
 When the Kids, Dragon, and Arcturus rise,
 Than sailors homeward bent, who cut their way
 Thro' Helle's stormy streights, and oyster-breeding sea.
 But when Astrea's balance, hung on high,
 Betwixt the nights and days divides the sky,
 Then yoke your oxen, sow your winter grain ;
 'Till cold December comes with driving rain.
 Linseed and fruitful poppy bury warm,
 In a dry season, and prevent the storm.
 Sow beans and clover in a rotten soil,
 And millet rising from your annual toil;
 When with his golden horns, in full career,
 The Bull beats down the barriers of the year ;
 And Argos and the Dog forsake the northern sphere.

But if your care to wheat alone extend,
 Let Maia with her sisters first descend,
 And the bright Gnosian diadem downward bend,
 Before you trust in earth your future hope ;
 Or else expect a listless lazy crop.

Some swains have sown before, but most have found
A husky harvest from the grudging ground.
Vile vetches would you sow, or lentils lean,
'The growth of Egypt, or the kidney-bean?
Begin when the Slow Waggoner descends,
Nor cease your sowing till mid-winter ends:
For this, thro' twelve bright signs Apollo guides
The year, and earth in several climes divides.
Five girdles bind the skies; the torrid zone
Glow with the passing and repassing sun.
Far on the right and left, th' extremes of heav'n,
To frosts, and snows, and bitter blasts are giv'n.
Betwixt the midst and these, the gods assign'd
Two habitable seats of human kind:
And cross their limits cut a sloping way,
Which the twelve signs in beauteous order sway.
Two poles turn round the globe; one seen to rise
O'er Scythian hills, and one in Lybian skies.
'The first sublime in heav'n, the last is whirl'd
Below the regions of the nether world.
Around our pole the spiry Dragon glides,
And like a winding stream the Bears divides,
The less and greater, who by fate's decree
Abhor to dive beneath the southern sea:
There, as they say, perpetual night is found
In silence brooding on th' unhappy ground:
Or when Aurora leaves our northern sphere,
She lights the downward heav'n, and rises there.
And when on us she breathes the living light,
Red vesper kindles there the tapers of the night.
From hence uncertain seasons we may know;
And when to reap the grain, and when to sow:

Or when to fell the furzes, when 'tis meet
 To spread the flying canvass for the fleet.
 Observe what stars arise or disappear;
 And the four quarters of the rolling year:
 But when cold weather, and continu'd rain,
 The lab'ring husband in his house restrain:
 Let him forecast his work with timely care,
 Which else is huddl'd when the skies are fair:
 Then let him mark the sheep, or whet the shining
 share,

Or hollow trees for boats, or number o'er
 His sacks, or measure his increasing store:
 Or sharpen stakes, or head the forks, or twine
 The fallow twigs to tie the straggling vine:
 Or wicker-baskets weave, or air the corn,
 Or grinded grain betwixt two marbles turn.
 No laws, divine or human, can restrain
 From necessary works, the lab'ring swain.
 Ev'n holidays and feasts permission yield,
 To float the meadows, or to fence the field,
 To fire the brambles, snare the birds, and steep
 In wholesome water-falls the woolly sheep.
 And oft the drudging ass is driv'n, with toil,
 To neighb'ring towns with apples and with oil:
 Returning late, and loaden home with gain
 Of barter'd pitch, and hand-mills for the grain.

The lucky days, in each revolving moon,
 For labour chuse: The fifth be sure to shun;
 That gave the furies and pale Pluto birth,
 And arm'd, against the skies, the sons of earth.
 With mountains pil'd on mountains, thrice they strove
 To scale the steepy battlements of Jove:

And thrice his lightning and red thunder play'd,
And their demolish'd works in ruin laid.
The sev'nth is, next the tenth, the Best to join
Young oxen to the yoke, and plant the vine.
Then weavers stretch your stays upon the west :
The ninth is good for travel, bad for theft.
Some works in dead of night are better done ;
Or when the morning dew prevents the sun.
Parch'd meads and stubble mow by Phœbe's light;
Which both require the coolness of the night :
For moisture then abounds, and pearly rains
Descend in silence to refresh the plains.
The wife and husband equally conspire,
To work by night, and rake the winter-fire :
He sharpens torches in the glimm'ring room,
She shoots the flying shuttle through the loom :
Or boils in kettles must of wine, and skims
With leaves, the dregs that overflow the brims.
And till the watchful cock awakes the day,
She sings to drive the tedious hours away.
But in warm weather, when the skies are clear,
By day-light reap the product of the year :
And in the sun your golden grain display,
And thresh it out, and winnow it by day.
Plough naked, swain, and naked sow the land,
For lazy winter numbs the lab'ring hand.
In genial winter, swains enjoy their store,
Forget their hardships, and recruit for more.
The farmer to full bowls invites his friends ;
And what he got with pains, with pleasure spends.
So sailors, when escap'd from stormy seas,
First crown their vessels, then indulge their ease.

Yet that's the proper time to thresh the wood
 For mast of oak, your fathers homely food ;
 To gather laurel-berries, and the spoil
 Of bloody myrtles, and to press your oil.
 For stalking cranes to set the guileful snare,
 T' inclose the stags in toils, and hunt the hare ;
 With Balearic slings, or Gnosian bow,
 To prosecute from far the flying doe.
 Then, when the fleecy skies new clothe the wood,
 And cakes of rustling ice come rolling down the flood.

Now sing we stormy stars, when autumn weigh
 The year, and adds to nights, and shortens days ;
 And suns declining shine with feeble rays :
 What cares must then attend the toiling swain ;
 Or when the low'ring spring, with lavish rain,
 Beats down the slender stem and bearded grain :
 While yet the head is green, or lightly swell'd
 With milky moisture, overlooks the field.
 Ev'n when the farmer, now secure of fear,
 Sends in the swains to spoil the finish'd year ;
 Ev'n while the reaper fills his greedy hands,
 And binds the golden sheafs in brittle bands ;
 Oft have I seen a sudden storm arise,
 From all the warring winds that sweep the skies :
 The heavy harvest from the root is torn,
 And whirl'd aloft the lighter stubble born ;
 With such a force, the flying rack is driv'n ;
 And such a winter wears the face of heav'n :
 And oft whole sheets descend of sluicy rain,
 Suck'd by the spongy clouds from off the main :
 The lofty skies at once come pouring down,
 The promis'd crop and golden labours drown.

The dikes are fill'd, and with a roaring sound
The rising rivers float the nether ground;
And rocks the bellowing voice of boiling seas rebound.
The father of the gods his glory shrouds,
Involv'd in tempests, and a night of clouds,
And from the middle darkness flashing out,
By fits he deals his fiery bolts about.
Earth feels the motions of her angry god,
Her entrails tremble, and her mountains nod;
And flying beasts in forests seek abode:
Deep horror seizes ev'ry human breast;
Their pride is humbled, and their fear confess'd.
While he from high his rowling thunder throws,
And fires the mountains with repeated blows,
The rocks are from their old foundations rent;
The winds redouble, and the rains augment:
The waves on heaps are dash'd against the shore,
And now the woods, and now the billows roar.

In fear of this, observe the starry signs,
Where Saturn houses, and where Hermes joins.
But first to heav'n thy due devotions pay,
And annual gifts on Ceres' altars lay.
When winter's rage abates, when chearful hours
Awake the spring, and spring awakes the flow'rs,
On the green turf thy careless limbs display,
And celebrate the mighty mother's day.
For then the hills with pleasing shades are crown'd,
And sleeps are sweeter on the silken ground:
With milder beams the sun securely shines;
Fat are the lambs, and luscious are the wines.
Let ev'ry swain adore her pow'r divine,
And milk and honey mix with sparkling wine:

Let all the choir of clowns attend the show,
In long procession, shouting as they go;
Invoking her to bless their yearly stores,
Inviting plenty to their crouded floors.
Thus in the spring, and thus in summer's heat,
Before the sickles touch the ripening wheat,
On Ceres call; and let the lab'ring hind
With oaken wreaths his holy temples bind:
On Ceres let him call, and Ceres praise,
With uncouth dances, and with country lays.

And that by certain signs we may presage
Of heats and rains, and wind's impetuous rage,
The sov'reign of the heav'ns has set on high
The moon, to mark the changes of the sky:
When southern blasts shou'd cease, and when the swain
Shou'd near their folds his feeding flocks restrain.
For, e'er the rising winds begin to roar,
The working seas advance to wash the shore:
Soft whispers run along the leafy woods,
And mountains whistle to the murm'ring floods:
Ev'n then the doubtful billows scarce abstain
From the tofs'd vessel on the troubled main:
When crying cormorants forsake the sea,
And stretching to the covert wing their way:
When sportful coots run skimming o'er the strand;
When watchful herons leave their watry stand,
And mounting upward with erected flight,
Gain on the skies, and soar above the fight.
And oft before tempest'ous winds arise,
The seeming stars fall headlong from the skies;

And, shooting through the darkness, gild the night
With sweeping glories, and long trails of light :
And chaff with eddy winds is whirl'd around,
And dancing leaves are lifted from the ground ;
And floating feathers on the waters play.
But when the winged thunder takes his way
From the cold north, and east and west engage,
And at their frontiers meet with equal rage,
The clouds are crush'd, a glut of gather'd rain
The hollow ditches fills, and floats the plain,
And sailors furl their dropping sheets amain. }
Wet weather seldom hurts the most unwise ;
So plain the signs, such prophets are the skies.
The wary crane foresees it first, and sails
Above the storm, and leaves the lowly vales.
The cow looks up, and from afar can find
The change of heav'n, and snuffs it in the wind.
The swallow skims the river's wat'ry face :
The frogs renew the croaks of their loquacious race.
The careful ant her secret cell forsakes,
And drags her eggs along the narrow tracks.
At either horn the rainbow drinks the flood,
Huge flocks of rising rooks forefakc their food, }
And, crying, seek the shelter of the wood.
Besides, the sev'ral sorts of wat'ry fowls,
That swim the seas, or haunt the standing pools :
The swans that sail along the silver flood,
And dive with stretching necks to search their food,
Then lave their backs with sprinkling dews in vain,
And stem the stream to meet the promis'd rain.
The crow with clam'rous cries the show'r demands,
And single stalks along the desert sands.

The nightly virgin, while her wheel she plies,
Foresees the storm impending in the skies,
When sparkling lamps their sputt'ring light advance,
And in the sockets oily bubbles dance.

Then after show'rs, 'tis easy to descry
Returning suns, and a serener sky :
The stars shine smarter, and the moon adorns,
As with unborrow'd beams, her sharpen'd horns.
The filmy gossamer now flits no more,
Nor halcyons bask on the short sunny shore :
Their litter is not toss'd by fows unclean ;
But a blue drouhty mist descends upon the plain :
And owls, that mark the setting sun, declare
A star-light evening, and a morning fair.
Tow'ring aloft, avenging Nisus flies,
While dar'd below the guilty Scylla lies.
Wherever frighted Scylla flies away,
Swift Nisus follows, and pursues his prey.
Where injur'd Nisus takes his airy course,
Thence trembling Scylla flies, and shuns his force.
This punishment pursues th' unhappy maid ;
And thus the purple hair is dearly paid.
Then, thrice the ravens rend the liquid air,
And croaking notes proclaim the settled fair.
Then, round their airy palaces they fly,
To greet the sun ; and seiz'd with secret joy,
When storms are over-blown, with food repair
To their forsaken nests, and callow care.
Not that I think their breasts with heav'nly souls
Inspir'd, as man, who destiny controuls.
But with the changeful temper of the skies,
As rains condense, and sun-shine rarifies ;

So turn the species in their alter'd minds,
Compos'd by calms, and discompos'd by winds.
From hence proceeds the birds harmonious voice :
From hence the cows exult, and frisking lambs rejoice.
Observe the daily circle of the sun,
And the short year of each revolving moon :
By them thou shalt foresee the following day ;
Nor shall a starry night thy hopes betray.
When first the moon appears, if then she shrouds
Her silver crescent, tip'd with sable clouds ;
Conclude she bodes a tempest on the main,
And brews for fields impetuous floods of rain.
Or if her face with fiery flushings glow,
Expect the rattling winds aloft to blow.
But four nights old, (for that's the surest sign,)
With sharpen'd horns if glorious then she shine :
Next day, nor only that, but all the moon,
Till her revolving race be wholly run,
Are void of tempests, both by land and sea,
And sailors in their port their promis'd vow shall pay.
Above the rest, the sun, who never lies,
Foretels the change of weather in the skies :
For if he rise, unwilling to his race,
Clouds on his brows, and spots upon his face ;
Or if thro' mists he shoots his sullen beams,
Frugal of light, in loose and straggling streams ;
Suspect a drizzling day, with southern rain,
Fatal to fruits, and flocks, and promis'd grain.
Or if Aurora, with half-open'd eyes,
And a pale sickly cheek, salute the skies ;

How shall the vine, with tender leaves defend
 Her teeming clusters, when the storms descend ;
 When ridgy roofs and tiles can scarce avail,
 To bar the ruin of the rattling hail ?
 But more than all, the setting sun survey,
 When down the steep of heav'n he drives the day.
 For oft we find him finishing his race,
 With various colours erring on his face ;
 If fiery red his glowing globe descends,
 High winds and furious tempests he portends.
 But if his cheeks are swoln with livid blue,
 He bodes wet weather by his wat'ry hue.
 If dusky spots are vary'd on his brow,
 And, streak'd with red, a troubl'd colour show ;
 That sullen mixture shall at once declare
 Winds, rain, and storms, and elemental war.
 What desp'rate madman then wou'd venture o'er
 The frith, or haul his cables from the shore ?
 But if with purple rays he brings the light,
 And a pure heav'n resigns to quiet night ;
 No rising winds, or falling storms, are nigh :
 But northern breezes through the forest fly :
 And drive the rack, and purge the ruff'd sky.
 Th' unerring sun by certain signs declares,
 What the late ev'n, or early morn prepares :
 And when the south projects a stormy day,
 And when the clearing north will puff the clouds away.

The sun reveals the secrets of the sky ;
 And who dares give the source of light the lye ?
 The change of empires often he declares,
 Fierce tumults, hidden treasons, open wars.

He first the fate of Caesar did foretel,
And pity'd Rome, when Rome in Caesar fell ;
In iron clouds conceal'd the public light :
And impious mortals fear'd eternal night.

Nor was the fact foretold by him alone ;
Nature herself stood forth, and seconded the fun :
Earth, air, and seas, with prodigies were sign'd,
And birds obscene, and howling dogs divin'd.
What rocks did Ætna's bellowing mouth expire
From her torn entrails ! and what floods of fire !
What clanks were heard, in German skies afar,
Of arms and armies rushing to the war ?
Dire earthquakes rent the solid Alps below,
And from their summits shook th' eternal snow.
Pale spectres in the close of night were seen ;
And voices heard of more than mortal men.
In silent groves dumb sheep and oxen spoke,
And streams ran backward, and their beds forsook :
The yawning earth disclos'd th' abyfs of hell :
The weeping statues did the wars fortel ;
And holy sweat from brazen idols fell. }
Then rising in his might, the king of floods,
Rush'd thro' the forests, tore the lofty woods ;
And rowling onward, with a sweepy sway,
Bore houses, herds, and lab'ring hinds away.
Blood sprang from wells, wolves howl'd in towns by night,
And boding victims did the priests affright.
Such peals of thunder never pour'd from high,
Nor forky light'nings flash'd from such a fullen sky.
Red meteors ran a-cross th' etherial space ;
Stars disappear'd, and comets took their place.

For this th' Emathian plains once more were strow'd
 With Roman bodies, and just heav'n thought good }
 To fatten twice those fields with Roman blood.
 Then, after length of time, the lab'ring swains,
 Who turn the turfs of those unhappy plains,
 Shall rusty piles from the plough'd furrows take,
 And over empty helmets pass the rake ;
 Amaz'd at antic titles on the stones,
 And mighty relics of gigantic bones.

Ye home-born deities, of mortal birth !
 Thou father Romulus, and mother Earth,
 Goddesses unmov'd ! whose guardian arms extend
 O'er Tuscan Tiber's course, and Roman tow'rs defend ;
 With youthful Caesar your joint pow'rs engage,
 Nor hinder him to save the sinking age.
 O ! let the blood, already spilt, atone
 For the past crimes of curst Laomedon !
 Heav'n wants thee there, and long the gods, we know,
 Have grudg'd thee, Caesar, to the world below.
 Where fraud and rapine, right and wrong confound ; }
 Where impious arms from ev'ry part resound,
 And monstrous crimes in ev'ry shape are crown'd. }
 The peaceful peasant to the wars is prest ;
 The fields lie fallow in inglorious rest.
 The plain no pasture to the flock affords,
 The crooked scythes are streighten'd into swords :
 And there Euphrates her soft offspring arms ;
 And here the Rhine rebellows with alarms :
 The neighb'ring cities range on sev'ral sides ; }
 Perfidious Mars long-plighted leagues divides,
 And o'er the wasted world in triumph rides. }

So four fierce courfers starting to the race,
Scour thro' the plain, and lengthen ev'ry pace;
Nor reins, nor curbs, nor threat'ning cries they fear,
But force along the trembling charioteer.

VIRGIL's GEORGICS.

BOOK II.

THE ARGUMENT.

THE subject of the following book is planting. In handling of which argument, the poet shews all the different methods of raising trees : Describes their variety ; and gives rules for the management of each in particular. He then points out the soils in which the several plants thrive best ; and thence takes occasion to run out into the praises of Italy. After which he gives some directions for discovering the nature of every soil ; prescribes rules for the dressing of vines, olives, &c. and concludes the Georgic with a panegyric on a country-life.

THUS far of tillage, and of heav'nly signs ;
Now sing, my Muse, the growth of gen'rous vines ;
The shady groves, the woodland progeny,
And the flow product of Minerva's tree.

Great father Bacchus ! to my song repair ;
For clust'ring grapes are thy peculiar care :

For thee large bunches load the bending vine,
And the last blessings of the year are thine.
To thee his joys the jolly Autumn owes,
When the fermenting juice the vat o'erflows.
Come strip with me, my god, come drench all o'er
Thy limbs in must of wine, and drink at ev'ry pore.

Some trees their birth to bounteous Nature owe :
For some without the pains of planting grow.
With osiers thus the banks of brooks abound,
Sprung from the watry genius of the ground ;
From the same principles grey willows come ;
Herculean poplar, and the tender broom.
But some from seeds inclos'd in earth arise :
For thus the mastful chesnut mates the skies.
Hence rise the branching beech and vocal oak,
Where Jove of old oraculously spoke.

Some from the root a rising wood disclose ;
Thus elms, and thus the savage cherry grows.
Thus the green bays, that bind the poet's brows,
Shoots, and is shelter'd by the mother's boughs.

These ways of planting Nature did ordain
For trees and shrubs, and all the sylvan reign.
Others there are, by late experience found :
Some cut the shoots, and plant in furrow'd ground :
Some cover rooted stalks in deeper mold :
Some cloven stakes, and (wond'rous to behold,)
Their sharpen'd ends in earth their footing place,
And the dry poles produce a living race.
Some bow their vines, which bury'd in the plain,
Their tops in distant arches rise again :
Others no root require ; the lab'rer cuts
Young slips, and in the soil securely puts.

Ev'n stumps of olives, bar'd of leaves, and dead,
Revive, and oft redeem their wither'd head.

'Tis usual now, an inmate graff to see
With insolence invade a foreign tree :
Thus pears and quinces from the crab-tree come ;
And thus the ruddy cornel bears the plum.

Then let the learned gard'ner mark with care
The kinds of stocks, and what those kinds will bear :
Explore the nature of each sev'ral tree ;
And known, improve with artful industry :
And let no spot of idle earth be found,
But cultivate the genius of the ground :
For open Ismarus will Bacchus please ;
Taburnus loves the shade of olive trees.

The virtues of the sev'ral soils I sing,
Maecenas, now thy needful succour bring !
O thou ! the better part of my renown,
Inspire thy poet, and thy poem crown :
Embark with me, while I new tracts explore,
With flying sails and breezes from the shore :
Not that my song, in such a scanty space,
So large a subject fully can embrace ;
Not tho' I were supply'd with iron lungs,
A hundred mouths fill'd with as many tongues :
But steer my vessel with a steady hand,
And coast along the shore in sight of land.
Nor will I tire thy patience with a train
Of preface, or what ancient poets feign.

The trees, which of themselves advance in air,
Are barren kinds, but strongly built, and fair :
Because the vigour of the native earth
Maintains the plant, and makes a manly birth.

Yet these, receiving grafts of other kind,
Or thence transplanted, change their savage mind :
Their wildness lose, and quitting Nature's part,
Obey the rules and discipline of art.
The same do trees, that, sprung from barren roots
In open fields transplanted bear their fruits :
For where they grow the native energy
Turns all into the substance of the tree,
Starves and destroys the fruit, is only made
For brawny bulk, and for a barren shade.
The plant that shoots from seed, a fullen tree
At leisure grows, for late posterity ;
The gen'rous flavour lost, the fruits decay,
And savage grapes are made the birds ignoble prey.
Much labour is requir'd in trees, to tame
Their wild disorder, and in ranks reclaim.
Well must the ground be digg'd, and better dress'd,
New soil to make, and meliorate the rest.
Old stakes of olive trees in plants revive ;
By the same methods Paphian myrtles live :
But nobler vines by propagation thrive. }
From roots hard hazles, and from scions rise
Tall ash, and taller oak, that mates the skies :
Palm, poplar, fir, descending from the steep
Of hills, to try the dangers of the deep.
The thin-leav'd arbut hazle grafts receives ;
And planes huge apples bear, that bore but leaves.
Thus mastful beech the bristly chefnut bears ;
And the wild ash is white with blooming pears.
And greedy swine from grafted elms are fed,
With falling acorns, that on oaks are bred.

But various are the ways to change the state
Of plants, to bud, to graff, t' inoculate.
For where the tender rinds of trees disclose
Their shooting gems, a swelling knot there grows;
Just in that space a narrow slit we make,
Then other buds from bearing trees we take:
Inserted thus, the wounded rind we close,
In whose moist womb th' admitted infant grows.
But when the smother bole from knots is free,
We make a deep incision in the tree;
And in the solid wood the slip inclose;
The bat'ning bastard shoots again, and grows:
And in short space the laden boughs arise,
With happy fruit advancing to the skies.
The mother plant admires the leaves unknown,
Of alien trees, and apples not her own.

Of vegetable woods are various kinds,
And the same species are of sev'ral minds.
Lotes, willows, elms, have diff'rent forms allow'd;
So fun'ral cypress rising like a shrowd.
Fat olive trees of fundry sorts appear:
Of fundry shapes their unctuous berries bear;
Radii, long olives, orchit's round produce;
And bitter Pausia, pounded for the juice.
Alcinous' orchard various apples bears:
Unlike are bergamots and pounder pears.
Nor our Italian vines produce the shape,
Or taste, or flavour of the Lesbian grape.
The Thasian vines in richer soils abound:
The Mareotic grow in barren ground.
The Pfythian grape we dry: Lagaeon juice,
Will stamm'ring tongues, and stagg'ring feet produce.

Rath ripe are some, and some of later kind ;
Of golden some, and some of purple rind.
How shall I praise the Raethean grape divine,
Which yet contends not with Falernian wine!
Th' Amminean many a consulship survives,
And longer than the Lydian vintage lives,
Or high Phanaeus king of Chian growth :
But for large quantities, and lasting both,
The less Argitis bears the prize away.
The Rhodian, sacred to the solemn day,
In second services is pour'd to Jove ;
And best accepted by the gods above.
Nor must Bumastus his old honours lose,
In length and largeness like the dugs of cows.
I pass the rest, whose ev'ry race and name,
And kinds, are less material to my theme.
Which who wou'd learn, as soon may tell the sands,
Driv'n by the western wind on Lybian lands :
Or number, when the blust'ring Eurus roars,
The billows beating on Ionian shores.

Nor ev'ry plant on ev'ry soil will grow ;
The fallow loves the watry ground, and low :
The marshes, alders : Nature seems t' ordain
The rocky cliff for the wild ashe's reign :
The baleful yew to northern blasts assigns ;
To shores the myrtles, and to mounts the vines.

Regard th' extremest cultivated coast,
From hot Arabia to the Scythian frost :
All sort of trees their sev'ral countries know :
Black ebony only will in India grow :
And od'rous frankincense on the Sabaeon bough.

Balm slowly trickles through the bleeding veins
Of happy shrubs, in Idumæan plains.
The green Ægyptian thorn, for med'cine good ;
With Ethiop's hoary trees and woolly wood,
Let others tell : And how the Seres spin
Their fleecy forests in a slender twine.
With mighty trunks of trees on Indian shores,
Whose height above the feather'd arrow soars,
Shot from the toughest bough ; and by the brawn
Of expert archers with vast vigour drawn.
Sharp-tasted citrons Median climes produce ;
Bitter the rind, but gen'rous is the juice :
A cordial fruit, a present antidote
Against the direful stepdam's deadly draught :
Who mixing wicked weeds with words impure,
'The fate of envy'd orphans wou'd procure.
Large is the plant, and like a laurel grows,
And' did it not a diff'rent scent disclose,
A laurel were : The fragrant flow'rs contemn
The stormy winds, tenacious of their stem.
With this the Medes, to lab'ring age bequeath
New lungs, and cure the sourness of the breath.

But neither Median woods (a plenteous land,)
Fair Ganges, Hermus rolling golden sand,
Nor Bactria, nor the richer Indian fields,
Nor all the gummy stores Arabia yields ;
Nor any foreign earth of greater name,
Can with sweat Italy contend in fame.
No bulls whose nostrils breathe a living flame,
Have turn'd our turf, no teeth of serpents here
Were sown, an armed host, and iron crop to bear.

But fruitful vines and the fat olives freight,
And harvests heavy with their fruitful weight,
Adorn our fields ; and on the chearful green,
The grazing flocks and lowing herds are seen.
The warrior-horse here bred, is taught to train ;
There flows Clitumnus through the flow'ry plain ;
Whose waves, for triumphs after prosp'rous war,
The victim ox, and snowy sheep prepare.
Perpetual spring our happy climate sees,
Twice breed the cattle, and twice bear the trees ;
And summer suns recede by slow degrees.

Our land is from the land of tigers freed ;
Nor nourishes the lion's angry feed ;
Nor pois'nous aconite is here produc'd,
Or grows unknown, or is, when known, refus'd.
Nor in so vast a length our serpents glide,
Or rais'd on such a spiry volume ride.

Next add our cities of illustrious name,
Their costly labour and stupenduous frame ;
Our forts on steepy hills, that far below
See wanton streams in winding valleys flow.
Our twofold seas, that washing either side,
A rich recruit of foreign stores provide.
Our spacious lakes ; thee, Larius, first ; and, next,
Benacus, with tempestuous billows vext.
Or shall I praise thy ports, or mention make
Of the vast mound that binds the Lucrine lake ;
Or the disdainful sea, that, shut from thence,
Roars round the structure, and invades the fence.
There, where secure the Julian waters glide,
Or where Avernus' jaws admit the Tyrrhene tide.

Our quarries deep in earth, were fam'd of old
 For veins of silver, and for ore of gold.
 Th' inhabitants themselves their country grace;
 Hence rose the Marſian and Sabellian race :
 Strong limb'd and ſtout, and to the wars inclin'd;
 And hard Ligurians, a laborious kind.
 And Volſcians arm'd with iron-headed darts:
 Beſides an offspring of undaunted hearts;
 The Decii, Marii, great Camillus came
 From hence, and greater Scipio's double name :
 And mighty Caeſar, whoſe victorious arms,
 To fartheſt Aſia carry fierce alarms ;
 Avert unwarlike Indians from his Rome ;
 Triumph abroad, ſecure our peace at home.

Hail, ſweet Saturnian ſoil ! of fruitful grain
 Great parent, greater of illuſtrious men.
 For thee my tuneful accents will I raiſe,
 And treat of arts diſclos'd in antient days :
 Once more unlock for thee the ſacred ſpring,
 And old Aſcraen verſe in Roman cities ſing.

The nature of their ſev'ral ſoils now ſee,
 Their ſtrength, their colour, their fertility :
 And, firſt, for heath, and barren hilly ground,
 Where meagre clay and flinty ſtones abound ;
 Where the poor ſoil all ſuccour ſeems to want ;
 Yet this ſuffices the Palladian plant.
 Undoubted ſigns of ſuch a ſoil are found ;
 For here wild olive-ſhoots o'erſpread the ground,
 And heaps of berries ſtrew the fields around,
 But where the ſoil, with fat'ning moiſture fill'd,
 Is cloth'd with graſs, and fruitful to be till'd:

Such as in chearful vales we view from high,
Which dripping rocks with rowling streams supply,
And feed with ouze ; where rising hillocks run
In length, and open to the southern sun ;
Where fern succeeds, ungrateful to the plough,
That gentle ground to gen'rous grapes allow.
Strong stocks of vines it will in time produce,
And overflow the vats with friendly juice ;
Such as our priests in golden goblets pour
To gods, the givers of the chearful hour,
Then when the bloated Tuscan blows his horn,
And reeking entrails are in chargers born.

If herds or fleecy flocks be more thy care,
Or goats that graze the field, and burn it bare :
Then seek Tarentum's lawns and farthest coast,
Or such a field as hapless Mantua lost :
Where silver swans sail down the wat'ry road,
And graze the floating herbage of the flood.
There crystal streams perpetual tenour keep,
Nor food nor springs are wanting to thy sheep.
For what the day devours, the nightly dew
Shall to the morn in pearly drops renew.
Fat crumbling earth is fitter for the plough,
Putrid and loose above, and black below :
For ploughing is an imitative toil,
Resembling nature in an easy soil.
No land for feed like this, no fields afford
So large an income to the village-lord :
No toiling teams from harvest-labour come
So late at night, so heavy laden home.

The like of forest-land is understood,
From whence the furly ploughman grubs the wood,
Which had for length of ages idle stood. }
Then birds forsake the ruins of their feat,
And, flying from their nests, their callow young forget.
The course lean gravel, on the mountain sides,
Scarce dewy bev'rage for the bees provides :
Nor chalk nor crumbling stones, the food of snakes,
That work in hollow earth their winding tracks.
The soil exhaling clouds of subtile dews,
Imbibing moisture which with ease she spues.
Which rusts not iron, and whose mold is clean,
Well cloth'd with chearful grafs, and ever green,
Is good for olives, and aspiring vines,
Embracing husband-elms in am'rous twines,
Is fit for feeding cattle, fit to sow,
And equal to the pasture and the plough.
Such is the soil of fat Campanian fields,
Such large increase the land that joins Vesuvius yields ;
And such a country could Acerra boast,
Till Clanius overflow'd th' unhappy coast.

I teach thee next the diff'ring soils to know ;
The light for vines, the heavier for the plough.
Chuse first a place for such a purpose fit,
There dig the solid earth, and sink a pit :
Next fill the hole with its own earth again,
And trample with thy feat, and tread it in :
Then if it rise not to the former height
Of superfice, conclude that soil is light ;
A proper ground for pasturage and vines.
But if the fullen earth, so press'd, repines

Within its native mansion to retire,
And stays without, a heap of heavy mire;
'Tis good for arable, a glebe that asks
Tough teams of oxen, and laborious tasks.

Salt earth and bitter are not fit to sow,
Nor will be tam'd or mended with the plough.
Sweet grapes degen'rate there, and fruits declin'd
From their first flav'rous taste, renounce their kind.
This truth by sure experiment is try'd;
For first an osier colendar provide
Of twigs thick wrought, (such toiling peasants twine,
When thro' strait passages they strain their wine:)
In this close vessel place that earth accurs'd,
But fill brimful with wholesome water first;
Then run it through, the drops will rope around,
And by the bitter taste disclose the ground.
The fatter earth by handling we may find,
With ease distinguish'd from the meagre kind:
Poor soil will crumble into dust, the rich
Will to the fingers cleave like clammy pitch.
Moist earth produces corn and grafs, but both
Too rank and too luxuriant in their growth.
Let not my land so large a promise boast,
Lest the lank ears in length of stem be lost.
The heavier earth is by her weight betray'd;
The lighter in the poising hand is weigh'd:
'Tis easy to distinguish by the sight
The colour of the soil, and black from white.
But the cold ground is difficult to know,
Yet this the plants that prosper there will show;
Black ivy, pitch-trees, and the baleful yew.

These rules consider'd well, with early care,
The vineyard destin'd for thy vines prepare:
But, long before the planting, dig the ground,
With furrows deep that cast a rising mound:
The clods, expos'd to winter-winds, will bake:
For putrid earth will best in vineyards take;
And hoary frosts, after the painful toil
Of delving hinds, will rot the mellow soil.

Some peasants, not t' omit the nicest care,
Of the same soil their nursery prepare
With that of their plantation; lest the tree
Translated, should not with the soil agree.
Beside, to plant it as it was, they mark
The heav'n's four quarters in the tender bark;
And to the north or south restore the side,
Which at their birth did heat or cold abide.
So strong is custom; such effects can use
In tender souls of pliant plants produce.

Chuse next a province, for thy vineyard's reign,
On hills above, or in the lowly plain:
If fertile fields or valleys be thy choice,
Plant thick, for bounteous Bacchus will rejoice
In close plantations there: But if the vine
On rising ground be plac'd, or hills supine,
Extend thy loose battalions largely wide,
Opening thy ranks and files on either side:
But marshall'd all in order as they stand,
And let no foldier straggle from his band.
As legions in the field their front display,
To try the fortune of some doubtful day,
And move to meet their foes with sober pace,
Strict to their figure, though in wider space;

Before the battle joins, while from afar
 The field yet glitters with the pomp of war,
 And equal Mars, like an impartial lord,
 Leaves all to Fortune, and the dint of sword.
 So let thy vines in intervals be set,
 But not their rural discipline forget:
 Indulge their width, and add a roomy space,
 That their extremest lines may scarce embrace:
 Nor this alone t' indulge a vain delight,
 And make a pleasant prospect for the sight:
 But for the ground itself, this only way,
 Can equal vigour to the plants convey;
 Which, crouded, want the room their branches to
 display.

How deep they must be planted would'st thou know?
 In shallow furrows vines securely grow.
 Not so the rest of plants; for Jove's own tree,
 That holds the woods in awful sov'reignty,
 Requires a depth of lodging in the ground;
 And, next the lower skies, a bed profound:
 High as his topmost boughs to heav'n ascend,
 So low his roots to hell's dominion tend.
 Therefore, nor winds, nor winter's rage o'erthrows
 His bulky body, but unmov'd he grows:
 For length of ages lasts his happy reign,
 And lives of mortal men contend in vain.
 Full in the midst of his own strength he stands,
 Stretching his brawny arms and leafy hands;
 His shade protects the plains, his head the hills com-
 mands.

The hurtful hazle in thy vineyard shun;
 Nor plant it to receive the setting sun;

Nor break the topmost branches from the tree;
Nor prune, with blunted knife, the progeny.
Root up wild olives from thy labour'd lands;
For sparkling fire, from hinds unwary hands,
Is often scatter'd o'er their unctuous rinds,
And after spread abroad by raging winds.
For first the smould'ring flame the trunk receives;
Ascending thence it crackles in the leaves:
At length victorious to the top aspires,
Involving all the wood in smoaky fires.
But most when, driv'n by winds, the flaming storm,
Of the long files destroys the beauteous form.
In ashes then th' unhappy vineyard lies;
Nor will the blasted plants from ruin rise:
Nor will the wither'd stock be green again;
But the wild olive shoots, and shades th' ungrateful plain.
Be not seduc'd with wisdom's empty shows,
To stir the peaceful ground when Boreas blows.
When winter-frosts constrain the field with cold,
The fainty root can take no steady hold.
But when the golden spring reveals the year,
And the white bird returns, whom serpents fear;
That season deem the best to plant thy vines:
Next that, is when autumnal warmth declines;
Ere heat is quite decay'd, or cold begun,
Or Capricorn admits the winter-sun.

The spring adorns the woods, renews the leaves;
The womb of earth the genial seed receives.
For then almighty Jove descends, and pours
Into his buxom bride his fruitful show'rs;
And, mixing his large limbs with hers, he feeds
Her births with kindly juice, and fosters teeming seeds.

Then joyous birds frequent the lonely grove,
And beasts, by nature stung, renew their love :
Then fields the blades of bury'd corn disclose,
And while the balmy western spirit blows,
Earth to the breath her bosom dares expose.
With kindly moisture then the plants abound;
The grass securely springs above the ground :
The tender twig shoots upward to the skies;
And on the faith of the new sun relies.
The swerving vines on the tall elms prevail,
Unhurt by southern show'rs, or northern hail :
They spread their gems the genial warmth to share;
And boldly trust their buds in open air.
In this soft season (let me dare to sing)
The world was hatch'd by heav'n's imperial king :
In prime of all the year, in holidays of spring.
Then did the new creation first appear ;
Nor other was the tenor of the year :
When laughing heav'n did the great birth attend,
And eastern winds their wint'ry breath suspend :
Then sheep first saw the sun in open fields ;
And savage beasts were sent to stock the wilds :
And golden stars flew up to light the skies,
And man's relentless race from stonny quarries rise.
Nor cou'd the tender, new creation bear
Th' excessive heats or coldness of the year :
But, chill'd by winter, or by summer fir'd,
The middle temper of the spring requir'd ;
When warmth and moisture did at once abound,
And heav'n's indulgence brooded on the ground.
For what remains, in depth of earth secure
Thy cover'd plants, and dung with hot manure ;

And shells and gravel in the ground inclose;
For through their hollow chinks the water flows:
Which, thus imbib'd, returns in misty dews,
And, steaming up, the rising plant renews.
Some husbandmen, of late, have found the way,
A hilly heap of stones above to lay,
And press the plants with sherds of potters clay. }
This fence against immod'rate rain they found:
Or when the dog-star cleaves the thirsty ground,
Be mindful when thou hast intomb'd the shoot,
With store of earth around to feed the root;
With iron teeth of rakes and prongs to move
The crusted earth, and loosen it above.
Then exercise thy sturdy steers to plow
Betwixt thy vines, and teach thy feeble row
To mount on reeds, and wands, and, upward led,
On ashen poles to raise their forky head.
On these new crutches let them learn to walk,
Till, swerving upwards, with a stronger stalk,
They brave the winds, and, clinging to their guide,
On tops of elms at length triumphant ride.
But in their tender nonage, while they spread
Their springing leaves, and lift their infant head,
And upward while they shoot in open air,
Indulge their childhood, and the nursling spare:
Nor exercise thy rage on new-born life,
But let thy hand supply the pruning-knife;
And crop luxuriant stragglers, nor be loath
To strip the branches of their leafy growth.
But when the rooted vines, with steady hold,
Can clasp their elms, then, husbandman, be bold,

To lop the disobedient boughs, that stray'd
Beyond their ranks : Let crook'd steel invade
The lawless troops, which discipline disclaim;
And their superfluous growth with rigour tame.
Next, fenc'd with hedges and deep ditches round,
Exclude th' incroaching cattle from thy ground;
While yet the tender gems but just appear,
Unable to sustain th' uncertain year;
Whose leaves are not alone foul winter's prey,
But oft by summer suns are scorch'd away;
And worse than both, become th' unworthy browse
Of buffalos, salt goats, and hungry cows.
For not December's frost that burns the boughs,
Nor dog-days parching heat that splits the rocks,
Are half so harmful as thy greedy flocks;
Their venom'd bite and scars indented on the stocks.
For the malefactor goat was laid
On Bacchus altar, and his forfeit paid.
At Athens thus old comedy began,
When round the streets the reeling actors ran;
In country villages, and crossing ways,
Contending for the prizes of their plays:
And glad with Bacchus, on the grassy soil,
Leapt o'er the skins of goats besmear'd with oil.
Thus Roman youth, deriv'd from ruin'd Troy,
In rude Saturnian rhimes express their joy:
With taunts, and laughter loud, their audience please,
Deform'd with vizards cut from barks of trees:
In jolly hymns they praise the god of wine,
Whose earthen images adorn the pine;
And there are hung on high, in honour of the vine.

A madneſs ſo devout the vineyard fills,
In hollow valleys and on riſing hills;
On whate'er ſide he turns his honeſt face,
And dances in the wind, thoſe fields are in his grace.
To Bacchus therefore let us tune our lays,
And in our mother-tongue reſound his praiſe.
Thin cakes in chargers, and a guilty goat,
Dragg'd by the horns, be to his altars brought;
Whoſe offer'd intrails ſhall his crime reproach,
And drip their fatneſs from the hazle broach.
To dreſs thy vines new labour is requir'd ;
Nor muſt the painful huſbandman be tir'd :
For thrice, at leaſt, in compaſs of the year,
Thy vineyard muſt employ the ſturdy ſteer,
To turn the glebe ; beſides thy daily pain
To break the clods, and make the ſurface plain :
T' unload the branches, or the leaves to thin,
That ſuck the vital moiſture of the vine.
Thus in a circle runs the peaſant's pain,
And the year rolls within itſelf again.
Ev'n in the loweſt months, when ſtorms have ſhed
From vines the hairy honours of their head ;
Not then the drudging hind his labour ends,
But to the coming year his care extends :
Ev'n then the naked vine he perſecutes ;
His pruning-kniſe at once reforms and cuts.
Be firſt to dig the ground, be firſt to burn
The branches lopp'd, and firſt the props return
Into thy houſe, that bore the burden'd vines ;
But laſt to reap the vintage of thy wines.
Twice in the year luxuriant leaves o'erſhade
Th' incumber'd vine ; rough brambles twice invade ;

Hard labour both! commend the large excess
 Of spacious vineyards; cultivate the less,
 Besides, in woods the shrubs of prickly thorn,
 Sallows and reeds, on banks of rivers born,
 Remain to cut; for vineyards useful found
 To stay thy vines, and fence thy fruitful ground.
 Nor when thy tender trees at length are bound;
 When peaceful vines from pruning-hooks are free;
 When husbands have survey'd the last degree,
 And utmost files of plants, and order'd ev'ry tree;
 Ev'n when they sing at ease in full content,
 Insulting o'er the toils they underwent;
 Yet still they find a future task remain,
 To turn the soil, and break the clods again.
 And, after all, their joys are unsincere,
 While falling rains on ripening grapes they fear.
 Quite opposite to these are olives found;
 No dressing they require, and dread no wound:
 Nor rakes nor harrows need, but, fix'd below,
 Rejoice in open air, and unconcern'dly grow.
 The soil itself due nourishment supplies:
 Plough but the furrows and the fruits arise:
 Content with small endeavours, till they spring.
 Soft peace they figure, and sweet plenty bring:
 Then olives plant, and hymns to Pallas sing.

Thus apple-trees, whose trunks are strong to bear
 Their spreading boughs, exert themselves in air:
 Want no supply, but stand secure alone,
 Not trusting foreign forces, but their own:
 Till, with the ruddy freight, the bending branches
 groan.

Thus trees of nature, and each common bush,
Uncultivated thrive, and with red berries blush.
Vile shrubs are shorn for browze : The tow'ring height
Of unctuous trees are torches for the night.
And shall we doubt, (indulging easy sloth,)
To sow, to set, and to reform their growth ?
To leave the lofty plants; the lowly kind
Are for the shepherd, or the sheep design'd.
Ev'n humble broom and osiers have their use,
And shade for sleep, and food for flocks produce;
Hedges for corn, and honey for the bees:
Besides the pleasing prospect of the trees.
How goodly looks Cytorus, ever green
With boxen groves? with what delight are seen
Narycian woods of pitch, whose gloomy shade,
Seems for retreat of heav'nly Muses made!
But much more pleasing are those fields to see,
That need not ploughs nor human industry.
Ev'n cold Caucasian rocks with trees are spread,
And wear green forests on their hilly head:
Though bending from the blast of eastern storms,
Though shent their leaves, and shatter'd are their arms;
Yet heav'n their various plants for use designs:
For houses cedars, and for shipping pines.
Cypress provides for spokes and wheels of wains:
And all for keels of ships that scour the wat'ry plains.
Willows in twigs are fruitful, elms in leaves:
The war from stubborn myrtle shafts receives:
From cornels jav'ins, and the tougher yew
Receives the bending figure of a bow.

Nor box, nor limes, without their use are made;
Smooth-grain'd, and proper for the turner's trade :
Which curious hands may carve, and steel with ease
invade.

Light alder stems the Po's impetuous tide :
And bees in hollow oaks their honey hide.
Now balance, with those gifts, the fummy joys
Of wine, attended with eternal noise.
Wine urg'd to lawless lust the Centaur's train ;
Thro' wine they quarell'd, and thro' wine were slain.

Oh happy, if he knew his happy state !
The swain, who, free from business and debate,
Receives his easy food from Nature's hand,
And just returns of cultivated land !
No palace, with a lofty gate, he wants
T' admit the tides of early visitants ;
With eager eyes devouring, as they pass,
The breathing figures of Corinthian brass.
No statues threaten, from high pedestals ;
No Persian arras hides his homely walls,
With antic vests ; which thro' their shady fold,
Betray the streaks of ill-dissembled gold.
He boasts no wood, whose native white is dy'd
With purple poison of Assyrian pride.
No costly drugs of Araby defile,
With foreign scents, the sweetnesss of his oil.
But easy quiet, a secure retreat,
A harmless life that knows not how to cheat,
With home-bred plenty the rich owner blefs,
And rural pleasures crown his happiness.
Unvex'd with quarrels, undisturb'd with noise,
The country king his peaceful realm enjoys ;

Cool grots, and living lakes, the flow'ry pride
 Of meads, and streams that thro' the valley glide;
 And shady groves that easy sleep invite;
 And, after toilsome days, a soft repose at night.
 Wild beasts of nature in his woods abound;
 And youth, of labour patient, plow the ground;
 Inur'd to hardship, and to homely fare.
 Nor venerable age is wanting there,
 In great examples to the youthful train:
 Nor are the gods ador'd with rites profane.
 From hence Astræa took her flight, and here
 The prints of her departing steps appear.

Ye sacred Muses, with whose beauty fir'd,
 My soul is ravish'd, and my brain inspir'd;
 Whose priest I am, whose holy fillets wear;
 Wou'd you your poets first petition hear!
 Give me the ways of wandring stars to know:
 The depths of heav'n above, and earth below:
 Teach me the various labours of the moon;
 And whence proceeds th' eclipses of the sun:
 Why flowing tides prevail upon the main;
 And in what dark recesses they shrink again:
 What shakes the solid earth; what cause delays
 The summer nights, and shortens winter days.
 But if my heavy blood restrain the flight
 Of my free soul, aspiring to the height
 Of nature, and unclouded fields of light:
 My next desire is, void of care and strife,
 To lead a soft, secure, inglorious life.
 A country cottage near a chrystal flood,
 A winding valley, and a lofty wood.

Some god conduct me to the sacred shades,
 Where Bacchanals are sung by Spartan maids.
 Or lift me high to Haemus' hilly crown;
 Or in the plains of Tempe lay me down :
 Or lead me to some solitary place,
 And cover my retreat from human race.

Happy the man, who studying Nature's laws,
 Thro' known effects can trace the secret cause :
 His mind possessing, in a quiet state;
 Fearless of fortune, and resign'd to fate.
 And happy too is he, who decks the bow'rs
 Of sylvans, and adores the rural pow'rs :
 Whose mind, unmov'd, the bribes of courts can see ;
 Their glitt'ring baits, and purple slavery.
 Nor hopes the people's praise, nor fears their frown;
 Nor, when contending kindred tear the crown,
 Will set up one, or pull another down. }

Without concern he hears, but hears from far,
 Of tumults and descents, and distant war :
 Nor with a superstitious fear is aw'd,
 For what befalls at home, or what abroad.
 Nor envies he the rich their heapy store ;
 Nor his own peace disturbs, with pity for the poor.
 He feeds on fruits, which of their own accord,
 The willing ground, and laden trees afford.
 From his lov'd home no lucre him can draw :
 The senate's mad decrees he never saw ;
 Nor heard, at bawling bars, corrupted law. }
 Some to the seas, and some to camps resort ;
 And some with impudence invade the court :
 In foreign countries others seek renown ;
 With wars and taxes others waste their own,

And houses burn, and household gods deface,
To drink in bowls which glitt'ring gems inchafe :
To loll on couches, rich with Cytron steds,
And lay their guilty limbs in Tyrian beds.
This wretch in earth intombs his golden ore,
Hov'ring and brooding on his bury'd store.
Some patriot fools to popular praise aspire,
Or public speeches, which worse fools admire ;
While from both benches, with redoubl'd sounds,
Th' applause of lords and commoners abounds.
Some thro' ambition, or thro' thirst of gold,
Have slain their brothers, or their country fold ;
And leaving their sweet homes, in exile run
To lands that lie beneath another sun.

The peasant, innocent of all these ills,
With crooked ploughs the fertile fallows tills ;
And the round year with daily labour fills. }
From hence the country-markets are supply'd :
Enough remains for household charge beside,
His wife, and tender children to sustain,
And gratefully to feed his dumb-deserving train.
Nor cease his labours, till the yellow field
A full return of bearded harvest yield :
A crop so plenteous, as the land to load,
O'ercome the crowded barns, and lodge on ricks abroad.
Thus ev'ry sev'ral season is employ'd :
Some spent in toil, and some in ease enjoy'd.
The yeaning ewes prevent the springing year ;
The laded boughs their fruits in autumn bear.
'Tis then the vine her liquid harvest yields,
Bak'd in the sun-shine of ascending fields.

The winter comes, and then the falling mast,
For greedy swine, provides a full repast.
Then olives, ground in mills, their fatness boast,
And winter fruits are mellow'd by the frost.
His cares are eas'd with intervals of bliss;
His little children climbing for a kiss,
Welcome their father's late return at night;
His faithful bed is crown'd with chaste delight.
His kine with swelling udders ready stand,
And, lowing for the pail, invite the milker's hand.
His wanton kids, with budding horns prepar'd,
Fight harmless battles in his homely yard:
Himself in rustic pomp, on holidays,
To rural pow'rs a just oblation pays;
And on the green his careless limbs displays. }
The hearth is in the midst; the herdsmen round
The chearful fire, provoke his health in goblets crown'd.
He calls on Bacchus, and propounds the prize; }
The groom his fellow-groom at butts defies;
And bends his bow, and levels with his eyes.
Or stript for wrestling, smears his limbs with oil,
And watches with a trip his foe to foil.
Such was the life the frugal Sabines led;
So Remus and his brother god were bred:
From whom th' austere Etrurian virtue rose,
And this rude life our homely fathers chose.
Old Rome from such a race deriv'd her birth,
(The seat of empire, and the conquer'd earth :)
Which now on sev'n high hills triumphant reigns,
And in that compass all the world contains.
E'er Saturn's rebel son usurp'd the skies,
When beasts were only slain for sacrifice :

While peaceful Crete enjoy'd her ancient lord,
E'er sounding hammers forg'd th' inhuman sword:
E'er hollow drums were beat, before the breath
Of brazen trumpets rung the peals of death;
The good old god his hunger did assuage
With roots and herbs, and gave the golden age.
But over-labour'd with so long a course,
'Tis time to set at ease the smoking horse.

VIRGIL'S
GEORGICS.

BOOK III.

THE ARGUMENT.

THIS book begins with an invocation of some rural deities, and a compliment to Augustus ; after which Virgil directs himself to Maecenas, and enters on his subject. He lays down rules for the breeding and management of horses, oxen, sheep, goats, and dogs ; and interweaves several pleasant descriptions of a chariot-race, of the battle of the bulls, of the force of love, and of the Scythian winter. In the latter part of the book he relates the diseases incident to cattle ; and ends with the description of a fatal murrain that formerly rag'd among the Alps.

THY fields, propitious Pales, I rehearse;
And sing thy pastures in no vulgar verse,
Amphrysian shepherd ; the Lycaean woods ;
Arcadia's flow'ry plains, and pleasing floods.

All other themes, that careless minds invite,
 Are worn with use; unworthy me to write.
 Busiris' altars, and the dire decrees
 Of hard Euristheus, ev'ry reader sees:
 Hylas the boy, Latona's erring isle,
 And Pelops' iv'ry shoulder, and his toil
 For fair Hippodame, with all the rest
 Of Grecian tales, by poets are exprest:
 New ways I must attempt, my groveling name
 To raise aloft, and wing my flight to fame.

I, first of Romans, shall in triumph come
 From conquer'd Greece, and bring her trophies home:
 With foreign spoils adorn my native place;
 And with Idume's palms, my Mantua grace.
 Of Parian stone a temple will I raise,
 Where the slow Mincius through the valley strays:
 Where cooling streams invite the flocks to drink:
 And reeds defend the winding water's brink.
 Full in the midst shall mighty Caesar stand:
 Hold the chief honours; and the dome command.
 Then I, conspicuous in my Tyrian gown,
 (Submitting to his godhead my renown)
 A hundred courfers from the goal will drive;
 The rival chariots in the race shall strive.
 All Greece shall flock from far, my games to see;
 The whirlbat, and the rapid race, shall be
 Reserv'd for Caesar, and ordain'd by me.
 Myself, with olive crown'd, the gifts will bear:
 Ev'n now methinks the public shouts I hear:
 The passing pageants, and the pomps appear.
 I, to the temple will conduct the crew;
 The sacrifice and sacrificers view;

From thence return, attended with my train,
Where the proud theatres disclose the scene ;
Which interwoven Britains seem to raise,
And shew the triumph which their shame displays.
High o'er the gate, in elephant and gold,
The crowd shall Caesar's Indian war behold ;
The Nile shall flow beneath ; and on the side,
His shatter'd ships on brazen pillars ride.
Next him Niphates with inverted urn,
And dropping sedge, shall his Armenia mourn ;
And Asian cities in our triumph born. }
With backward bows the Parthians shall be there ;
And, spurring from the fight, confess their fear.
A double wreath shall crown our Caesar's brows ;
Two differing trophies, from two different foes.
Europe with Afric in his fame shall join ;
But neither shore his conquest shall confine.
The Parian marble, there, shall seem to move,
In breathing statues, not unworthy Jove.
Resembling heroes, whose etherial root
Is Jove himself, and Caesar is the fruit.
Tros and his race the sculptor shall employ ;
And he, the god who built the walls of Troy.
Envy herself at last, grown pale and dumb,
(By Caesar combated and overcome)
Shall give her hand ; and fear the curling snakes
Of lashing furies, and the burning lakes :
The pains of famish'd Tantalus shall feel ;
And Sisyphus that labours up the hill }
The rolling rock in vain ; and curs'd Ixion's wheel.

Meantime we must pursue the sylvan lands;
 (Th' abode of nymphs) untouch'd by former hands :
 For such, Maecenas, are thy hard commands.
 Without thee nothing lofty can I sing :
 Come then, and with thyself thy genius bring ;
 With which inspir'd, I brook no dull delay.
 Cytheron loudly calls me to my way ;
 Thy hounds, Taygetus, open and pursue their prey.
 High Epidaurus urges on my speed,
 Fam'd for his hills, and for his horses breed :
 From hills and dales the chearful cries rebound ;
 For echo hunts along, and propagates the sound.

A time will come, when my maturer Muse,
 In Caesar's wars, a nobler theme shall chuse,
 And through more ages bear my sovereign's praise,
 Than have from Tithon past to Caesar's days.

The gen'rous youth, who studious of the prize,
 The race of running coursers multiplies ;
 Or to the plough the sturdy bullock breeds,
 May know that from the dam the worth of each proceeds.
 The mother-cow must wear a low'ring look,
 Sour-headed, strongly-neck'd, to bear the yoke.
 Her double dew-lap from her chin descends :
 And at her thighs the pond'rous burthen ends.
 Long are her sides and large, her limbs are great ;
 Rough are her ears, and broad her horny feet.
 Her colour shining black, but fleck'd with white :
 She tosses from the yoke ; provokes the fight :
 She rises in her gate, is free from fears ;
 And in her face a bull's resemblance bears :
 Her ample forehead with a star is crown'd ;
 And with her length of tail she sweeps the ground.

The bull's insult at four she may sustain ;
But, after ten, from nuptial rites refrain,
Six seasons use; but then release the cow,
Unfit for love, and for the lab'ring plough.

Now while their youth is fill'd with kindly fire,
Submit thy females to the lusty fire :
Watch the quick motions of the frisking tail,
Then serve their fury with the rushing male,
Indulging pleasure, lest the breed shou'd fail.

In youth alone, unhappy mortals live ;
But, ah ! the mighty bliss is fugitive ;
Discolour'd sickness, anxious labours come,
And age, and death's inexorable doom.

Yearly thy herds in vigour will impair ;
Recruit and mend 'em with thy yearly care :
Still propagate, for still they fall away :
'Tis prudence to prevent th' entire decay.

Like diligence requires the courser's race ;
In early choice ; and for a longer space.
The colt, that for a stallion is design'd,
By sure presages shows his generous kind,
Of able body, sound of limb and wind.
Upright he walks, on pasterns firm and streight ;
His motions easy ; prancing in his gait.
The first to lead the way, to tempt the flood ; [wood.
To pass the bridge unknown, nor fear the trembling
Dauntless at empty noises ; lofty neck'd ;
Sharp headed, barrel belly'd, broadly back'd.
Brawny his chest, and deep, his colour grey ;
For beauty dappled, or the brightest bay :
Faint white and dun will scarce the rearing pay.

The fiery courser, when he hears from far,
 The sprightly trumpets, and the shouts of war,
 Pricks up his ears ; and trembling with delight,
 Shifts place, and paws ; and hopes the promis'd fight.
 On his right shoulder his thick mane reclin'd,
 Ruffles at speed, and dances in the wind.
 His horny hoofs are jetty black, and round ;
 His chine is double : Starting, with a bound
 He turns the turf, and shakes the solid ground.
 Fire from his eyes, clouds from his nostrils flow ;
 He bears his rider headlong on the foe.

Such was the steed, in Grecian poets fam'd,
 Proud Cyllarus, by Spartan Pollux tam'd :
 Such courfers bore to fight the god of Thrace ;
 And such, Achilles, was thy warlike race.
 In such a shape, grim Saturn did restrain
 His heav'nly limbs, and flow'd with such a mane ;
 When, half-surpriz'd, and fearing to be seen,
 The leacher gallop'd from his jealous queen :
 Ran up the ridges of the rocks amain ;
 And with shrill neighings fill'd the neighbouring plain.

But worn with years, when dire diseases come,
 Then hide his not ignoble age, at home ;
 In peace t' enjoy his former palms and pains :
 And gratefully be kind to his remains.
 For when his blood no youthful spirits move,
 He languishes and labours in his love.
 And when the sprightly feed shou'd swiftly come,
 Dribling he drudges, and defrauds the womb.
 In vain he burns, like hasty stubble fires ;
 And in himself his former self requires.

His age and courage weigh : Nor those alone,
But not his father's virtues nor his own ;
Observe if he disdains to yield the prize ;
Of loss impatient, proud of victories.

Hast thou beheld, when from the goal they start,
The youthful charioteers with heaving heart,
Rush to the race ; and panting, scarcely bear
Th' extremes of feverish hope, and chilling fear ;
Stoop to the reins, and lash with all their force :
The flying chariot kindles in the course :
And now a-low, and now aloft they fly,
As born through air, and seem to touch the sky.
No stop, no stay, but clouds of sand arise,
Spurn'd, and cast back upon the follower's eyes.
The hindmost blows the foam upon the first.
Such is the love of praise, an honourable thirst !

Bold Erichthonius was the first who join'd
Four horses for the rapid race design'd ;
And o'er the dusty wheels presiding fate :
The Lapithae to chariots add the state
Of bits and bridles ; taught the steed to bound ;
To run the ring, and trace the mazy round :
To stop, to fly ; the rules of war to know :
T' obey the rider ; and to dare the foe.

To chuse a youthful steed, with courage fir'd ;
To breed him, break him, back him, are requir'd
Experienc'd masters ; and, in fundry ways,
Their labours equal, and alike their praise.
But once again the batter'd horse beware,
The weak old stallion will deceive thy care.

Though famous in his youth for force and speed,
 Or was of Argos, or Epirian breed,
 Or did from Neptune's race, or from himself proceed.

These things premis'd ; when now the nuptial time
 Approaches for the stately steed to climb ;
 With food enable him to make his court ;
 Distend his chine, and pamper him for sport.
 Feed him with herbs, whatever thou can'st find,
 Of generous warmth, and of salacious kind.
 Then water him, and (drinking what he can)
 Encourage him to thirst again, with bran.
 Instructed thus, produce him to the fair ;
 And join in wedlock to the longing mare.
 For if the fire be faint, and out of case,
 He will be copied in his famish'd race :
 And sink beneath the pleasing task assign'd :
 (For all's too little for the craving kind.)

As for the females, with industrious care
 Take down their mettle, keep 'em lean and bare ;
 When conscious of their past delight, and keen
 To take the leap, and prove the sport again ;
 With scanty measure then supply their food ;
 And, when a-thirst, restrain 'em from the flood :
 Their bodies harrafs, sink 'em when they run ;
 And fry their melting marrow in the sun.
 Starve 'em, when barns beneath their burden groan,
 And winnow'd chaff, by western winds is blown.
 For fear the rankness of the swelling womb
 Shou'd scant the passage, and confine the room.
 Lest the fat furrows shou'd the sense destroy
 Of genial lust, and dull the seat of joy,

But let 'em suck the feed with greedy force;
And close involve the vigour of the horse.
The male has done; thy care must now proceed
To teeming females, and the promis'd breed.
First let 'em run at large, and never know
The taming yoke, or draw the crooked plough.
Let 'em not leap the ditch, or swim the flood;
Or lumber o'er the meads, or cross the wood;
But range the forest by the silver side
Of some cool stream, where nature shall provide
Green grass and fat'ning clover for their fare;
And mossy caverns for their noontide lair;
With rocks above to shade the sharp nocturnal air.
About th' Alburnian groves, with holly green,
Of winged insects mighty swarms are seen;
This flying plague (to mark its quality;) }
Oestros the Grecians call; Afylus, we:
A fierce loud buzzing breeze; their stings draw blood;
And drive the cattle gadding thro' the wood.
Seiz'd with unusual pains, they loudly cry,
Tanagrus hastens thence, and leaves his channel dry.
This curse the jealous Juno did invent;
And first employ'd for Io's punishment.
To shun this ill, the cunning leach ordains
In summer's sultry heats (for then it reigns)
To feed the females, e'er the sun arise;
Or late at night, when stars adorn the skies.
When she has calv'd, then set the dam aside;
And for the tender progeny provide.
Distinguish all betimes with branding fire;
To note the tribe, the lineage, and the fire.

Whom to reserve for husband of the herd;
Or who shall be to sacrifice preferr'd;
Or whom thou shalt to turn thy glebe allow;
To smooth the furrows and sustain the plough:
The rest, for whom no lot is yet decreed,
May run in pastures, and at pleasure feed.
The calf, by nature and by genius made
To turn the glebe, breed to the rural trade.
Set him betimes to school; and let him be
Instructed there in rules of husbandry:
While yet his youth is flexible and green;
Nor bad examples of the world has seen.
Early begin the stubborn child to break;
For his soft neck, a supple collar make
Of bending osiers; and (with time and care
Enur'd that easy servitude to bear)
Thy flattering method on the youth pursue:
Join'd with his school-fellows, by two and two,
Persuade 'em first to lead an empty wheel,
That scarce the dust can raise, or they can feel:
In length of time produce the labb'ring yoke
And shining shares, that make the furrows smoke.
E'er the licentious youth be thus restrain'd,
Or moral precepts on their minds have gain'd;
Their wanton appetites not only feed
With delicates of leaves, and marshy weed;
But with thy sickle reap the rankest land,
And minister the blade, with bounteous hand.
Nor be with harmful parsimony won
To follow what our homely fires have done,
Who fill'd the pail with beestings of the cow;
But all her udder to the calf allow.

If to the warlike steed thy studies bend,
Or for the prize in chariots to contend ;
Near Pisa's flood the rapid wheels to guide ;
Or in Olympian groves aloft to ride ;
'The gen'rous labours of the courser, first,
Must be with sight of arms, and sound of trumpets nurs'd :
Inur'd the groaning axle-tree to bear :
And let him clashing whips in stables hear.
Sooth him with praise, and make him understand
'The loud applauses of his master's hand.
'This from his weaning, let him well be taught ;
And then betimes in a soft snaffle wrought :
Before his tender joints with nerves are knit ;
Untry'd in arms, and trembling at the bit.
But when to four full springs his years advance,
'Teach him to run the round, with pride to prance ;
And (rightly manag'd) equal time to beat ;
To turn, to bound in measure, and curvet.
Let him to this with easy pains be brought :
And seem to labour, when he labours not.
'Thus, form'd for speed, he challenges the wind ;
And leaves the Scythian arrow far behind :
He scours along the field with loosen'd reins ;
And treads so light, he scarcely prints the plains.
Like Boreas in his race, when rushing forth,
He sweeps the skies, and clears the cloudy north :
'The waving harvest bends beneath his blast ;
The forest shakes, the groves their honour cast :
He flies aloft, and with impetuous roar
Pursues the foaming surges to the shore.
'Thus, o'er th' Elean plains th' well-breath'd horse
Impels the flying carr, and wins the course :

Or, bred to Belgian waggons, leads the way ;
Untir'd at night, and chearful all the day.

When once he's broken, feed him full and high :
Indulge his growth, and his gaunt sides supply.
Before his training, keep him poor and low ;
For his stout stomach with his food will grow :
The pamper'd colt will discipline disdain,
Impatient of the lash, and restiff to the rein.

Wou'dst thou their courage and their strength improve,
Too soon they must not feel the stings of love.
Whether the bull or courser be thy care,
Let him not leap the cow, nor mount the mare.
The youthful bull must wander in the wood ;
Behind the mountain, or beyond the flood :
Or, in the stall at home his fodder find ;
Far from the charms of that alluring kind.
With two fair eyes his mistress burns his breast ;
He looks, and languishes, and leaves his rest ;
Forfakes his food, and pining for the lass,
Is joyless of the grove, and spurns the growing grass.
The soft seducer, with enticing looks,
The bellowing rivals to the fight provokes.

A beauteous heifer in the woods is bred ;
The stooping warriors aiming head to head,
Engage their clashing horns ; with dreadful sound
The forest rattles, and the rocks rebound.
They fence, they push, and pushing loudly roar ;
Their dewlaps and their sides are bath'd in gore.
Nor, when the war is over, is it peace ;
Nor will the vanquish'd bull his claim release :
But feeding in his breast his antient fires,
And cursing fate, from his proud foe retires.

Driv'n from his native land to foreign grounds,
He with a gen'rous rage resents his wounds;
His ignominious flight, the victor's boast,
And more than both, the loves, which unreveng'd he lost.
Often he turns his eyes, and with a groan,
Surveys the pleasing kingdoms once his own.
And therefore, to repair his strength he tries;
Hard'ning his limbs with painful exercise,
And rough upon the flinty rock he lies.
On prickly leaves and on sharp herbs he feeds;
Then to the prelude of a war proceeds.
His horns, yet fore, he tries against a tree;
And meditates his absent enemy.
He snuffs the wind, his heels the sand excite;
But, when he stands collected in his might,
He roars, and promises a more successful fight.
Then, to redeem his honour at a blow,
He moves his camp, to meet his careless foe.
Not with more madness, rolling from afar,
The spumy waves proclaim the wat'ry war;
And mounting upwards, with a mighty roar,
March onwards, and insult the rocky shore:
They mate the middle region with their height;
And fall no less than with a mountain's weight:
The waters boil, and, belching from below,
Black sands, as from a forceful engine, throw.

Thus ev'ry creature, and of ev'ry kind,
The secret joys of sweet coition find:
Not only man's imperial race, but they
That wing the liquid air, or swim the sea,
Or haunt the desert, rush into the flame:
For love is lord of all, and is in all the same.

'Tis with this rage, the mother-lion stung,
Scours o'er the plain, regardless of her young:
Demanding rites of love; she sternly stalks,
And hunts her lover in his lonely walks.
'Tis then the shapeless bear his den forsakes;
In woods and fields a wild destruction makes.
Boars whet their tusks; to battle tigers move;
Enrag'd with hunger, more enrag'd with love.
Then woe to him, that in the desert land
Of Libya travels, o'er the burning sand.
The stallion snuffs the well-known scent afar;
And snorts and trembles for the distant mare:
Nor bits nor bridles can his rage restrain;
And rugged rocks are interpos'd in vain:
He makes his way o'er mountains, and contemns
Unruly torrents, and unforded streams.
The bristled boar, who feels the pleasing wound,
New-grinds his arming tusks, and digs the ground.
The sleepy leacher shuts his little eyes;
About his churning chops the frothy bubbles rise:
He rubs his sides against a tree; prepares
And hardens both his shoulders for the wars.
What did the youth, when love's unerring dart
Transfix'd his liver, and inflam'd his heart?
Alone, by night, his wat'ry way he took;
About him, and above, the billows broke:
The sluices of the sky were open spread;
And rolling thunder rattl'd o'er his head.
The raging tempests call'd him back in vain;
And ev'ry boding omen of the main.
Nor cou'd his kindred, nor the kindly force
Of weeping parents, change his fatal course.

No, not the dying maid, who must deplore
His floating carcass on the Sestian shore.

I pass the wars that spotted lynxes make
With their fierce rivals, for the females sake :
The howling wolves, the mastiffs amorous rage ;
When ev'n the fearful stag dares for his hind engage.
But far above the rest, the furious mare,
Barr'd from the male, is frantic with despair.
For when her pouting vent declares her pain,
She tears the harness, and she rends the rein ;
For this (when Venus gave them rage and pow'r)
Their masters mangl'd members they devour ;
Of love defrauded in their longing hour.
For love they force through thickets of the wood ;
They climb the steepy hills, and stem the flood.

When at the spring's approach their marrow burns,
(For with the spring their genial warmth returns)
The mares to cliffs of rugged rocks repair,
And with wide nostrils snuff the western air :
When (wondrous to relate) the parent wind,
Without the stallion, propagates the kind.
Then, fir'd with amorous rage, they take their flight
Through plains, and mount the hill's unequal height ;
Nor to the north, nor to the rising sun,
Nor southward to the rainy regions run ;
But, boring to the west, and hov'ring there,
With gaping mouths they draw prolific air :
With which impregnate, from their groins they shed
A slimy juice, by false conception bred.
The shepherd knows it well, and calls by name
Hippomanes, to note the mother's flame.
'This, gather'd in the planetary hour,
With noxious weeds, and spell'd with words of pow'r,

Dire stepdames in the magic bowl infuse,
 And mix, for deadly draughts, the pois'nous juice.
 But time is lost, which never will renew,
 While we too far the pleasing path pursue;
 Surveying Nature with too nice a view.

Let this suffice for herds: Our following care
 Shall woolly flocks and shaggy goats declare.
 Nor can I doubt what oil I must bestow,
 To raise my subject from a ground so low:
 And the mean matter which my theme affords,
 T' embellish with magnificence of words.
 But the commanding Muse my chariot guides;
 Which o'er the dubious cliff securely rides:
 And pleas'd I am no beaten road to take;
 But first the way to new discov'ries make.

Now, sacred Pales, in a lofty strain,
 I sing the rural honours of thy reign.
 First with assiduous care from winter keep,
 Well fodder'd in the stalls, thy tender sheep.
 Then spread with straw the bedding of thy fold,
 With fern beneath, to fend the bitter cold;
 That free from gouts thou may'st preserve thy care;
 And clear from scabs, produc'd by freezing air.
 Next let thy goats officiously be nurs'd,
 And led to living streams to quench their thirst.
 Feed 'em with winter-browse, and for their lair
 A cote that opens to the south prepare;
 Where, basking in the sun-shine they may lie,
 And the short remnants of his heat enjoy.
 This during winter's drisly reign be done:
 Till the new Ram receives th' exalted sun:

For hairy goats of equal profit are
With woolly sheep, and ask an equal care.
'Tis true, the fleece, when drunk with Tyrian juice,
Is dearly fold; but not for needful use:
For the salacious goat increases more,
And twice as largely yields her milky store.
The still distended udders never fail;
But, when they seem exhausted, swell the pail.
Mean time the pastor shears their hoary beards,
And eases of their hair the loaden herds.
Their camelots warm in tents the foldier hold;
And shield the shiv'ring mariner from cold.

On shrubs they browse, and on the bleaky top
Of rugged hills, the thorny bramble crop.
Attended with their bleating kids they come
At night, unask'd, and mindful of their home;
And scarce their swelling bags the threshold overcome. }
So much the more thy diligence bestow,
In depth of winter, to defend the snow:
By how much less the tender helpless kind,
For their own ills can fit provision find.
Then minister the browse with bounteous hand,
And open let thy stacks all winter stand.
But when the western winds, with vital pow'r,
Call forth the tender grafs and budding flow'r,
Then, at the last, produce in open air
Both flocks, and send 'em to their summer fare,
Before the sun, while Hesperus appears,
First let 'em sip from herbs the pearly tears
Of morning dews; and after break their fast
On green-sword ground; (a cool and grateful taste:)

But when the day's fourth hour has drawn the dews,
 And the sun's sultry heat their thirst renews;
 When creaking grasshoppers on shrubs complain,
 Then lead 'em to their wat'ring troughs again.
 In summer's heat, some bending valley find,
 Clos'd from the sun, but open to the wind:
 Or seek some antient oak, whose arms extend
 In ample breadth, thy cattle to defend:
 Or solitary grove, or gloomy glade;
 To shield 'em with its venerable shade.
 Once more to wat'ring lead; and feed again,
 When the low sun is sinking to the main:
 When rising Cynthia sheds her silver dews;
 And the cool evening-breeze the meads renews:
 When linnets fill the woods with tuneful sound,
 And hollow shores the halcyon's voice rebound.

Why shou'd my Muse enlarge on Lybian swains;
 Their scatter'd cottages, and ample plains;
 Where oft the flocks, without a leader, stray;
 Or through continu'd desarts take their way;
 And, feeding, add the length of night to day?
 Whole months they wander, grazing as they go;
 Nor folds, nor hospitable harbour know.
 Such an extent of plains, so vast a space
 Of wilds unknown, and of untasted grass,
 Allures their eyes: The shepherd last appears,
 And with him all his patrimony bears:
 His house and household-gods; his trade of war,
 His bow and quiver, and his trusty cur.
 Thus, under heavy arms, the youth of Rome
 Their long laborious marches overcome;

Chearly their tedious travels undergo;
And pitch their sudden camp before the foe.

Not so the Scythian shepherd tends his fold;
Nor he who bears in Thrace the bitter cold:
Nor he who treads the bleak Meotian strand;
Or where proud Ister rolls his yellow sand.
Early they stall their flocks and herds; for there
No grass the fields, no leaves the forests wear.
The frozen earth lies buried there, below
A hilly heap, sev'n cubits deep in snow:
And all the west allies of stormy Boreas blow.

The sun from far peeps with a sickly face;
Too weak the clouds and mighty fogs to chace;
When up the skies he shoots his rosy head;
Or in the ruddy ocean seeks his bed.
Swift rivers are with sudden ice constrain'd;
And studded wheels are on its back sustain'd.
An hostry now for waggon, which before
Tall ships of burden on its bosom bore,
The brazen cauldrons with the frost are flaw'd;
The garment, stiff with ice, at hearths is thaw'd.
With axes first they cleave the wine, and thence
By weight the solid portions they dispense.
From locks uncomb'd, and from the frozen beard
Long icicles depend, and crackling sounds are heard,
Meantime, perpetual fleet and driving snow
Obscure the skies, and hang on herds below.
The starving cattle perish in their stalls;
Huge oxen stand enclos'd in wint'ry walls
Of snow congeal'd; whole herds are bury'd there
Of mighty stags, and scarce their horns appear.

The dext'rous huntsman wounds not these afar
With shafts, or darts, or makes a distant war
With dogs; or pitches toils to stop their flight;
But close engages in unequal fight.
And while they strive in vain to make their way
Through hills of snow, and pitifully bray,
Assaults with dint of sword or pointed spears,
And homeward on his back the joyful burden bears.
The men to subterranean caves retire,
Secure from cold, and croud the chearful fire;
With trunks of elms and oaks the hearth they load;
Nor tempt th' inclemency of heav'n abroad.
Their jovial nights in frolics and in play
They pass, to drive their tedious hours away.
And their cold stomachs with crown'd goblets cheer
Of windy cyder, and of barmy beer.
Such are the cold Rhiphaean race, and such
The savage Scythian, and unwarlike Dutch.
Where skins of beasts the rude barbarians wear;
The spoils of foxes and the furry bear.

Is wool thy care? Let not thy cattle go
Where bushes are, where burs and thistles grow;
Nor in too rank a pasture let 'em feed:
Then of the purest white select thy breed.
Ev'n though a snowy ram thou shalt behold,
Prefer him not in haste for husband to thy fold;
But search his mouth; and if a swarthy tongue
Is underneath his humid palate hung,
Reject him, lest he darken all the flock,
And substitute another from thy stock.
'Twas thus with fleeces milky white, (if we
May trust report,) Pan, god of Arcady,

Did bribe thee, Cynthia; nor didst thou disdain,
When call'd in woody shades, to cure a lover's pain.

If milk be thy design; with plenteous hand
Bring clover-grass; and from the marshy land
Salt herbage for the fodd'ring rack provide,
To fill their bags, and swell the milky tide:
These raise their thirst, and to the taste restore
The favour of the salt on which they fed before.

Some, when the kids their dams too deeply drain,
With gags and muzzles their soft mouths restrain.
Their morning milk the peasants press at night;
Their evening meal before the rising light
To market bear; or sparingly they steep
With seas'ning salt, and stor'd, for winter keep.

Nor, last, forget thy faithful dogs: But feed
With fatt'ning whey the mastiff's gen'rous breed,
And Spartan race; who, for the fold's relief,
Will prosecute with cries the nightly thief;
Repulse the prowling wolf, and hold at bay
The mountain robbers, rushing to the prey.
With cries of hounds thou may'st pursue the fear
Of flying hares, and chace the fallow deer;
Rouze from their desert dens the bristled rage
Of boars, and beamy stags in toils engage.

With smoak of burning cedar scent thy walls;
And fume with stinking galbanum thy stalls:
With that rank odour from thy dwelling-place
To drive the viper's brood, and all the venom'd race:
For often under stalls unmov'd they lie
Obscure in shades, and shuning heav'n's broad eye.
And snakes, familiar, to the hearth succeed,
Disclose their eggs, and near the chimney breed.

Whether to rooſy houſes they repair,
Or ſun themſelves abroad in open air,
In all abodes of peſtilential kind,
To ſheep and oxen, and the painful hind :
Take, ſhepherd, take, a plant of ſtubborn oak,
And labour him with many a ſturdy ſtroke ;
Or with hard ſtones, demolish from afar
His haughty creſt, the ſeat of all the war :
Invade his hisſing throat, and winding ſpires ;
Till ſtretch'd in length, th' unfolded ſoe retires.
He drags his tail ; and for his head provides :
And in ſome ſecret cranny ſlowly glides ;
But leaves, expos'd to blows, his back and batter'd
fides.

In fair Calabria's woods a ſnake is bred,
With curling creſt, and with advancing head :
Waving he rolls, and makes a winding track ;
His belly ſpotted, burniſh'd is his back :
While ſprings are broken, while the ſouthern air,
And dropping heav'ns, the moiſten'd earth repair,
He lives on ſtanding lakes, and trembling bogs,
And fills his maw with fiſh, or with loquacious frogs.
But when, in muddy pools, the water ſinks ;
And the chap'd earth is furrow'd o'er with chinks ;
He leaves the fens, and leaps upon the ground ;
And hisſing, rolls his glaring eyes around.
With thirſt inflam'd, impatient of the heats,
He rages in the fields, and wide deſtruction threatens.
Oh let not ſleep my cloſing eyes invade,
In open plains, or in the ſecret ſhade,
When he, renew'd in all the ſpeckl'd pride
Of pompous youth, has caſt his ſlough aſide :

And in his summer liv'ry rolls along :
Erect, and brandishing his forky tongue,
Leaving his nest, and his imperfect young ;
And, thoughtless of his eggs, forgets to rear
The hopes of poison for the foll'wing year.

The causes and the signs shall next be told,
Of ev'ry sickness that infects the fold.
A scabby tetter on their pelts will stick,
When the raw rain has pierc'd them to the quick :
Or searching frosts have eaten thro' the skin,
Or burning icicles are lodg'd within :
Or when the fleece is shorn, if sweat remains
Unwash'd, and soaks into their empty veins :
When their defenceless limbs the brambles tear,
Short of their wool, and naked from the sheer.

Good shepherds after sheering drench their sheep ;
And their flock's father (forc'd from high to leap)
Swims down the stream, and plunges in the deep.
They oint their naked limbs with mother'd oil ;
Or from the founts where living sulphurs boil,
They mix a med'cine to foment their limbs
With scum that on the molten silver swims.
Fat pitch and black bitumen add to these,
Besides, the waxen labour of the bees :
And hellebore, and squills deep-rooted in the seas.
Receipts abound ; but, searching all thy store,
The best is still at hand, to lance the sore,
And cut the head ; for till the core be found,
The secret vice is fed, and gathers ground :
While making fruitless moan, the shepherd stands,
And, when the lancing knife requires his hands,
Vain help with idle pray'rs from heav'n demands.

Deep in their bones when fevers fix their seat,
 And rack their limbs, and lick the vital heat ;
 The ready cure to cool the raging pain,
 Is underneath the foot to breathe a vein.
 This remedy the Scythian shepherds found :
 'Th' inhabitant's of Thracia's hilly ground,
 And Gelons use it ; when for drink and food
 They mix their cruddl'd milk with horses blood.

But, where thou seest a single sheep remain
 In shades aloof, or couch'd upon the plain ;
 Or listlessly to crop the tender grafs ;
 Or late to lag behind, with truant pace ;
 Revenge the crime ; and take the traitor's head,
 E'er in the faultless flock the dire contagion spread.

On winter seas we fewer storms behold,
 Than foul diseases that infect the fold.
 Nor do those ills on single bodies prey ;
 But oftner bring the nation to decay ;
 And sweep the present flock, and future hope away. }

A dire example of this truth appears :
 When, after such a length of rolling years,
 We see the naked Alps, and thin remains
 Of scatter'd cotes, and yet unpeopl'd plains ; [reigns. }
 Once fill'd with grazing flocks, the shepherds happy }

Here from the vicious air, and sickly skies,
 A plague did on the dumb creation rise :
 During th' autumnal heats th' infection grew,
 Tame cattle, and the beasts of nature flew,
 Pois'ning the standing lakes, and pools impure :
 Nor was the foodful grafs in fields secure.
 Strange death ! for when the thirsty fire had drunk
 Their vital blood, and the dry nerves were shrunk ;

When the contracted limbs were cramp'd, ev'n then
A wat'rish humour swell'd and ooz'd again :
Converting into bane the kindly juice,
Ordain'd by nature for a better use.
The victim ox, that was for altars prest,
Trimm'd with white ribbons, and with garlands drest,
Sunk of himself, without the god's command :
Preventing the slow sacrificer's hand.
Or, by the holy butcher, if he fell,
Th' inspected entrails cou'd no fates foretel.
Nor, laid on altars, did pure flames arise ;
But clouds of smould'ring smoke forbade the sacrifice.
Scarcely the knife was reddem'd with his gore,
Or the black poison stain'd the sandy floor.
The thriven calves in meads their food forsake,
And render their sweet souls before the plenteous rack.
The fawning dog runs mad ; the wheafing swine
With coughs is choak'd, and labours from the chine :
The victor horse, forgetful of his food,
The palm renounces, and abhors the flood.
He paws the ground, and on his hanging ears
A doubtful sweat in clammy drops appears :
Parch'd is his hide, and rugged are his hairs.
Such are the symptoms of the young disease ;
But in time's process, when his pains increase,
He rolls his mournful eyes, he deeply groans
With patient sobbing, and with manly moans :
He heaves for breath ; which, from his lungs supply'd,
And fetch'd from far, distends his lab'ring side.
To his rough palate, his dry tongue succeeds ;
And ropy gore he from his nostrils bleeds.

A drench of wine has with success been us'd ;
And through a horn, the gen'rous juice infus'd :
Which timely taken op'd his closing jaws ;
But, if too late, the patient's death did cause :
For the too vig'rous doze, too fiercely wrought,
And added fury to the strength it brought :
Recruited into rage, he grinds his teeth
In his own flesh, and feeds approaching death.
Ye gods, to better fate good men dispose ;
And turn that impious error on our foes !

The steer, who to the yoke was bred to bow,
(Studious of tillage, and the crooked plough)
Falls down and dies ; and dying spews a flood
Of foamy madness, mix'd with clotted blood.
The clown, who cursing providence repines,
His mournful fellow from the team disjoins :
With many a groan, forsakes his fruitless care ;
And in th' unfinish'd furrow leaves the share.
The pining steer, no shades of lofty woods,
Nor flow'ry meads can ease, nor crystal floods
Roll'd from the rock ; his flabby flanks decrease ;
His eyes are settled in a stupid peace ;
His bulk too weighty for his thighs is grown ;
And his unwieldy neck, hangs drooping down.
Now what avails his well-deserving toil
To turn the glebe, or smooth the rugged soil !
And yet he never supp'd in solemn state,
Nor undigested feasts did urge his fate ;
Nor day to night luxuriously did join ;
Nor surfeited on rich Campanian wine.
Simple his bev'rage ; homely was his food ;
The wholesome herbage, and the running flood :

No dreadful dreams awak'd him with affright ;
His pains by day secur'd his rest by night.

'Twas then that buffaloes, ill-pair'd, were seen,
To draw the car of Jove's imperial queen,
For want of oxen ; and the lab'ring swain
Scratch'd with a rake a furrow for his grain ;
And cover'd, with his hand, the shallow seed again.
He yokes himself, and up the hilly height,
With his own shoulders, draws the waggon's weight.

The nightly wolf, that round th' enclosure prowld
To leap the fence, now plots not on the fold ;
Tam'd with a sharper pain. The fearful doe
And flying stag, amidst the greyhounds go :
And round the dwellings roam of man, their fier-
cer foe.

The scaly nations of the sea profound,
Like shipwreck'd carcases are driv'n aground :
And mighty phocae, never seen before,
In shallow streams are stranded on the shore.
The viper dead within her hole is found ;
Defenceless was the shelter of the ground.
The water-snake, whom fish and paddocks fed,
With staring scales lies poison'd in his bed :
To birds their native heav'ns contagious prove,
From clouds they fall, and leave their souls above.

Besides, to change their pasture 'tis in vain ;
Or trust to physic ; physic is their bane.
The learned leaches in despair depart :
And shake their heads, desponding of their art.

Tisiphone, let loose from under ground,
Majestically pale, now trades the round ;

Before her drives diseases, and affright ;
And ev'ry moment rises to the sight :
Aspiring to the skies, encroaching on the light.
The rivers and their banks, and hills around,
With lowings, and with dying bleats resound.
At length, she strikes an universal blow ;
To death at once whole herds of cattle go :
Sheep, oxen, horses fall ; and, heap'd on high,
The diff'ring species in confusion lie.
'Till warn'd by frequent ills, the way they found
To lodge their loathsome carrion under-ground.
For, useless to the currier were their hides :
Nor could their tainted flesh with ocean tides
Be freed from filth ; nor could Vulcanian flame
The stench abolish, or the favour tame.
Nor safely could they shear their fleecy store ;
(Made drunk with pois'nous juice, and stiff with gore :)
Or touch the web : But if the vest they wear,
Red blisters rising on their paps appear,
And flaming carbuncles, and noisome sweat,
And clammy dews, that loathsome lice-beget :
'Till the slow creeping evil eats his way,
Consumes the parching limbs, and makes the life
his prey.

VIRGIL'S
GEORGICS.

BOOK IV.

THE ARGUMENT.

VIRGIL has taken care to raise the subject of each Georgic. In the first, he has only dead matter on which to work. In the second, he just steps on the world of life, and describes that degree of it which is to be found in vegetables. In the third, he advances to animals. And, in the last, singles out the bee, which may be reckoned the most sagacious of them, for his subject.

In this Georgic he shews us what station is most proper for the bees, and when they begin to gather honey ; how to call them home when they swarm ; and how to part them when they are engaged in battle. From hence he takes occasion to discover their different kinds ; and, after an excursion, relates their prudent and politic administration of affairs, and the several diseases that often rage in the hives, with the proper symptoms and remedies of each disease. In the last place, he lays down a method of repairing their kind, supposing their whole breed lost ; and gives at large the history of its invention.

TH E gifts of heav'n my following song pursues,
Aerial honey, and ambrosial dews.

Maccenas, read this other part, that sings
Embattel'd squadrons and advent'rous kings ;
A mighty pomp, tho' made of little things.

Their arms, their arts, their manners I disclose,
And how they war, and whence the people rose.
Slight is the subject, but the praise not small,
If heav'n assist, and I'hoebus hear my call.

First, for thy bees, a quiet station find,
And lodge 'em under covert of the wind :
For winds, when homeward they return, will drive
The loaded carriers from their ev'ning hive.

Far from the cows and goats insulting crew,
That trample down the flowers and brush the dew :
The painted lizard, and the birds of prey,
Foes of the frugal kind, be far away :

The titmouse, and the pecker's hungry brood ;
And Progne with her bosom stain'd in blood.

These rob the trading citizens, and bear
The trembling captives thro' the liquid air ;
And for their callow young a cruel feast prepare.
But near a living stream their mansion place,

Edg'd round with moss, and tufts of matted grass :
And plant (the winds impetuous rage to stop,)

Wild olive-trees, or palms, before the busy shop :
That when the youthful prince, with proud alarm,
Calls out the vent'rous colony to swarm ;

When first their way thro' yielding air they wing,
New to the pleasures of their native spring ;

The banks of brooks may make a cool retreat
For the raw foldiers from the scalding heat :
And neighb'ring trees, with friendly shade invite
The troops unus'd to long laborious flight.
Then o'er the running stream, or standing lake,
A passage for thy weary people make ;
With osier floats the standing water strow ;
Of massy stones make bridges, if it flow :
That basking in the sun thy bees may lie,
And, resting there, their flaggy pinions dry :
When late returning home, the laden host,
By raging winds is wreck'd upon the coast.
Wild thyme and sav'ry set around their cell,
Sweet to the taste, and fragrant to the smell :
Set rows of rosemary with flow'ring stem,
And let the purple vi'lets drink the stream.

Whether thou build the palace of thy bees
With twisted osiers, or with barks of trees ;
Make but a narrow mouth : For as the cold
Congeals into a lump the liquid gold ;
So 'tis again dissolv'd by summer's heat,
And the sweet labours both extremes defeat.
And therefore, not in vain, th' industrious kind
With dawby wax and flow'rs the chinks have lin'd ;
And, with their stores of gather'd glue, contrive
To stop the vents and crannies of their hive.
Not birdlime, or Idaean pitch produce
A more tenacious mass of clammy juice.

Nor bees are lodg'd in hives alone, but found
In chambers of their own, beneath the ground :
Their vaulted roofs are hung in pumices,
And in the rotten trunks of hollow trees.

But plaister thou the chinky hives with clay,
 And leafy branches o'er their lodgings lay.
 Nor place them where too deep a water flows;
 Or where the yew, their pois'nous neighbour, grows:
 Nor roast red crabs, t'offend the niceness of their nose.
 Nor near the steaming stench of muddy ground;
 Nor hollow rocks that render back the sound,
 And doubled images of voice rebound.

For what remains, when golden suns appear,
 And under earth have driv'n the winter year,
 The winged nation wanders through the skies,
 And o'er the plains and shady forest flies:
 Then stooping on the meads and leafy bowers,
 They skim the floods, and sip the purple flow'rs.
 Exalted hence, and drunk with secret joy,
 Their young succession all their cares employ;
 They breed, they brood, instruct and educate,
 And make provision for the future state:
 They work their waxen lodgings in their hives,
 And labour honey to sustain their lives.
 But when thou see'st a swarming cloud arise,
 That sweeps aloft, and darkens all the skies,
 The motions of their hasty flight attend;
 And know to floods, or woods, their airy march they bend:
 Then melfoil beat, and honey-suckles pound;
 With these alluring favours strew the ground;
 And mix with tinkling brags the cymbal's droning
 sound.

Streight to their antient cells, recall'd from air,
 The reconcil'd deserters will repair.
 But if intestine broils alarm the hive,
 (For two pretenders oft for empire strive)

The vulgar in divided factions jar,
And murm'ring sounds proclaim the civil war.
Inflam'd with ire, and trembling with disdain,
Scarce can their limbs their mighty souls contain.
With shouts the coward's courage they excite;
And martial clangors call them out to fight:
With hoarse alarms the hollow camp rebounds,
That imitates the trumpet's angry sounds:
Then to their common standard they repair;
The nimble horsemen scour the fields of air.
In form of battle drawn they issue forth,
And ev'ry knight is proud to prove his worth.
Press'd for their country's honour, and their kings,
On their sharp beaks they whet their pointed stings;
And exercise their arms, and tremble with their wings.
Full in the midst the haughty monarchs ride,
The trusty guards come up, and close the side;
With shouts the daring foe to battle is defy'd.
Thus, in the season of unclouded spring,
To war they follow their undaunted king:
Croud through their gates, and, in the fields of light,
The shocking squadrons meet in mortal fight:
Headlong they fall from high, and wounded wound;
And heaps of slaughter'd soldiers bite the ground.
Hard hailstones lie not thicker on the plain;
Nor shaken oaks such showers of acorns rain.
With gorgeous wings, the marks of sov'reign sway,
The two contending princes make their way;
Intrepid through the midst of dangers go;
Their friends encourage, and amaze the foe.
With mighty souls in narrow bodies press'd,
They challenge and encounter breast to breast;

So fix'd on fame, unknowing how to fly,
 And obstinately bent to win, or die;
 That long the doubtful combat they maintain,
 Till one prevails (for one can only reign.)
 Yet all those dreadful deeds, this deadly fray,
 A cast of scatter'd dust will soon allay,
 And undecided leave the fortune of the day.
 When both the chiefs are fund'red from the fight,
 Then to the lawful king restore his right:
 And let the wasteful prodigal be slain,
 That he who best deserves alone may reign.
 With ease distinguish'd is the regal race;
 One monarch wears an honest open face:
 Shap'd to his size, and godlike to behold,
 His royal body shines with specks of gold,
 And ruddy scales; for empire he design'd,
 Is better born, and of a nobler kind.
 That other looks like nature in disgrace,
 Gaunt are his sides, and sullen is his face:
 And like their grisly prince appears his gloomy race:
 Grim, ghastly, rugged, like a thirsty train
 That long have travell'd through a desert plain,
 And spit from their dry chaps the gather'd dust again.
 The better brood, unlike the bastard crew,
 Are mark'd with royal streaks of shining hue;
 Glitt'ring and ardent, though in body less:
 From these at pointed seasons hope to press
 Huge heavy honey-combs of golden juice,
 Not only sweet, but pure, and fit for use:
 T' allay the strength and hardness of the wine,
 And with old Bacchus new metheglin join.

But when the swarms are eager of their play,
 And loathe their empty hives, and idly stray;
 Restrain the wanton fugitives, and take
 A timely care to bring the truants back.
 The task is easy : But to clip the wings
 Of their high-flying arbitrary kings:
 At their command the people swarm away.
 Confine the tyrant, and the slaves will stay.

Sweet gardens, full of saffron flowers invite
 The wand'ring gluttons, and retard their flight.
 Besides, the god obscene, who frights away,
 With his lath sword, the thieves and birds of prey,
 With his own hand, the guardian of the bees,
 For slips of pines, may search the mountain trees;
 And with wild thyme and fav'ry plant the plain,
 Till his hard horny fingers ake with pain :
 And deck with fruitful trees the fields around,
 And with refreshing waters drench the ground.

Now, did I not so near my labours end,
 Strike sail, and hast'ning to the harbour tend;
 My song to flow'ry gardens might extend. }
 To teach the vegetable arts, to sing
 The Paestan roses, and their double spring :
 How succ'ry drinks the running streams, and how
 Green beds of parsley near the river grow ;
 How cucumbers along the surface creep,
 With crooked bodies, and with bellies deep.
 The late Narcissus, and the winding trail
 Of bears-foot, myrtles green, and ivy pale.
 For where with stately tow'rs Tarentum stands,
 And deep Galefus soaks the yellow sands,

I chanc'd an old Corycian swain to know,
 Lord of few acres, and those barren too;
 Unfit for sheep or vines, and more unfit to sow:
 Yet lab'ring well his little spot of ground,
 Some scatt'ring pot-herbs here and there he found:
 Which cultivated with his daily care,
 And bruis'd with vervain, were his frugal fare.
 Sometimes white lilies did their leaves afford,
 With wholesome poppy-flow'rs, to mend his homely
 board:

For late returning home he supp'd at ease,
 And wisely deem'd the wealth of monarchs less:
 The little of his own, because his own did please.
 To quit his care he gather'd first of all
 In spring the roses, apples in the fall:
 And when cold winter split the rocks in twain,
 And ice the running rivers did restrain,
 He stript the bears-foot of its leafy growth;
 And calling western winds, accus'd the spring of sloth,
 He therefore first among the swains was found,
 To reap the product of his labour'd ground,
 And squeeze the combs with golden liquor crown'd.
 His limes were first in flow'rs, his lofty pines
 With friendly shade secur'd his tender vines.
 For ev'ry bloom his trees in spring afford,
 An autumn apple was by tale restor'd.
 He knew to rank his elms in even rows;
 For fruit the grafted pear-tree to dispose:
 And tame to plums the sourness of the floes.
 With spreading planes he made a cool retreat,
 To shade good fellows from the summer's heat.

But, straiten'd in my space, I must forsake
This task, for others afterwards to take.

Describe we next the nature of the bees,
Bestow'd by Jove for secret services :
When by the tinkling sound of timbrels led,
The king of heav'n in Cretan caves they fed.
Of all the race of animals, alone
The bees have common cities of their own :
And common sons, beneath one law they live,
And with one common stock their traffic drive.
Each has a certain home, a several stall :
All is the state's, the state provides for all.
Mindful of coming cold, they share the pain :
And hoard, for winter's use, the summer's gain.
Some o'er the public magazines preside ;
And some are sent new forage to provide :
These drudge in fields abroad, and those at home
Lay deep foundations for the labour'd comb,
With dew, Narcissus' leaves, and clammy gum. }
To pitch the waxen flooring some contrive ;
Some nurse the future nation of the hive :
Sweet honey some condense ; some purge the grout ;
The rest, in cells apart, the liquid nectar shut.
All with united force combine to drive
The lazy drones from the laborious hive.
With envy stung, they view each other's deeds :
With diligence the fragrant work proceeds.
As when the Cyclops, at th' almighty nod,
New thunder hasten for their angry god :
Subdu'd in fire the stubborn metal lies ;
One brawny smith the puffing bellows plies ;

And draws and blows reciprocating air.
Others to quench the hissing mass prepare :
With lifted arms they order ev'ry blow,
And chime their founding hammers in a row :
With labour'd anvils Ætna groans below.
Strongly they strike; huge flakes of flames expire :
With tongs they turn the steel, and vex it in the fire.
If little things with great we may compare,
Such are the bees, and such their busy care :
Studious of honey, each in his degree;
The youthful swain, the grave experienc'd bee :
That in the field; this in affairs of state,
Employ'd at home, abides within the gate :
To fortify the combs, to build the wall,
To prop the ruins, lest the fabric fall :
But late at night, with weary pinions come
The lab'ring youth, and heavy laden home.
Plains, meads, and orchards all the day he plies;
The gleans of yellow thyme distend his thighs :
He spoils the saffron flow'rs, he sips the blues
Of vi'lets, wilding blooms, and willow dew.
Their toil is common, common is their sleep;
They shake their wings when morn begins to peep;
Rush through the city-gates without delay;
Nor ends their work but with declining day.
Then having spent the least remains of light,
They give their bodies due repose at night :
When hollow murmurs of their ev'ning bells,
Dismiss the sleepy swains, and toll 'em to their cells.
When once in beds their weary limbs they steep,
No buzzing sounds disturb their golden sleep.

'Tis sacred silence all. Nor dare they stray,
 When rain is promis'd, or a stormy day :
 But near the city-walls their wat'ring take ;
 Nor forage far, but short excursions make.

And as, when empty barks on billows float,
 With sandy ballast sailors trim their boat ;
 So bees bear gravel stones, whose poisoning weight
 Steers through the whistling winds their steady flight.

But what's more strange, their modest appetites,
 Averse from Venus, fly the nuptial rites.
 No lust enervates their heroic mind,
 Nor wastes their strength on wanton womankind.
 But in their mouths reside their genial pow'rs ;
 They gather children from the leaves and flow'rs.
 Thus make they kings to fill the regal seat ;
 And thus their little citizens create :
 And waxen cities build, and palaces of state.
 And oft on rocks their tender wings they tear,
 And sink beneath the burthens which they bear.
 Such rage of honey in their bosom beats,
 And such a zeal they have for flow'ry sweets.

Thus, tho' the race of life they quickly run,
 Which in the space of seven short years is done,
 Th' immortal line in sure succession reigns,
 The fortune of the family remains :
 And grandsires grandsons the long list contains.

Besides, not Egypt, India, Media more
 With servile awe their idol king adore :
 While he survives, in concord and content
 The commons live, by no divisions rent ; [ment.
 But the great monarch's death dissolves the govern-

All goes to ruin, they themselves contrive
 To rob the honey, and subvert the hive.
 The king presides, his subjects toil surveys;
 The servile rout their careful Caesar praise;
 Him they extol, they worship him alone,
 They croud his levees, and support his throne:
 They raise him on their shoulders with a shout:
 And when their sov'reign's quarrels call 'em out,
 His foes to mortal combat they defy,
 And think it honour at his feet to die.

Induc'd by such examples, some have taught
 That bees have portions of etherial thought:
 Endu'd with particles of heav'nly fires:
 For God the whole created mass inspires;
 Thro' heav'n, and earth, and ocean's depth he throws
 His influence round, and kindles as he goes.
 Hence flocks, and herds, and men, and beasts, and fowls,
 With breath are quicken'd; and attract their souls:
 Hence take the forms his prescience did ordain,
 And into him at length resolve again.
 No room is left for death; they mount the sky,
 And to their own congenial planets fly.

Now, when thou hast decreed to seize their stores,
 And by prerogative to break their doors:
 With sprinkl'd water first the city choak,
 And then pursue the citizens with smoak.
 Two honey-harvests fall in ev'ry year:
 First, when the pleasing Pleiades appear,
 And springing upward spurn the briny seas:
 Again, when their affrighted quire surveys

The watry Scorpion mend his pace behind,
With a black train of storms, and winter wind;
They plunge into the deep, and safe protection find.
Prone to revenge, the bees, a wrathful race,
When once provok'd, assault th' aggressor's face :
And through the purple vein a passage find ;
There fix their stings, and leave their souls behind.

But if a pinching winter thou foresee,
And wou'dst preserve thy famish'd family ;
With fragrant thyme the city fumigate,
And break the waxen walls to save the state.
For lurking lizards often lodge, by stealth,
Within the suburbs, and purloin their wealth.
And lizards shunning light, a dark retreat
Have found in combs, and undermin'd the seat.
Or lazy drones, without their share of pain,
In winter-quarters free, devour the gain :
Or wasps invest the camp with loud alarms,
And mix in battle with unequal arms ;
Or secret moths are there in silence fed ;
Or spiders in the vault their snary webs have spread.

The more oppress'd by foes, or famine pin'd,
The more increase thy care to save the sinking kind :
With greens and flow'rs recruit their empty hives,
And seek fresh forage to sustain their lives.

But since they share with man one common fate,
In health and sickness, and in turns of state,
Observe the symptoms when they fall away,
And languish with insensible decay.
They change their hue, with haggard eyes they stare,
Lean are their looks, and shagged is their hair :

And crowds of dead, that never must return
 To their lov'd hives, in decent pomp are born :
 Their friends attend the herse, the next relations
 mourn.

The sick, for air, before the portal gasp ;
 Their feeble legs within each other clasp ;
 Or idle in their empty hives remain,
 Benumb'd with cold, and listless of their gain.
 Soft whispers then, and broken sounds are heard,
 As when the woods by gentle winds are stirr'd.
 Such stifled noise as the close furnace hides,
 Or dying murmurs of departing tides.
 This when thou seest, Galbanecan odours use,
 And honey in the sickly hive infuse.
 Thro' reeden pipes convey the golden flood,
 T' invite the people to their wonted food.
 Mix it with thicken'd juice of sodden wines,
 And raisins from the grapes of Pfythian vines :
 To these add pounded galls, and roses dry,
 And with Cecropian thyme, strong scented centaury.

A flow'r there is, that grows on meadow ground,
 Amellus call'd, and easy to be found ;
 For from one root the rising stem bestows
 A wood of leaves, and vi'let-purple boughs :
 The flower itself is glorious to behold,
 And shines on altars like refulgent gold :
 Sharp to the taste, by shepherds near the stream
 Of Mella found, and thence they gave the name.
 Boil this restoring root in gen'rous wine,
 And set beside the door, the sickly stock to dine.
 But if the lab'ring kind be wholly lost,
 And not to be retriev'd with care or cost ;

'Tis time to touch the precepts of an art,
Th' Arcadian master did of old impart :
And how he stock'd his empty hives again,
Renew'd with putrid gore of oxen slain.
An ancient legend I prepare to sing,
And upward follow Fame's immortal spring.

For where with sev'n-fold horns mysterious Nile
Surrounds the skirts of Egypt's fruitful isle,
And where in pomp the sun-burnt people ride
On painted barges, o'er the teeming tide,
Which pouring down from Ethiopian lands,
Makes green the soil with slime, and black prolific sands :
That length of region, and large tract of ground,
In this one art a sure relief have found.
First, in a place, by nature close, they build
A narrow flooring, gutter'd, wall'd, and til'd.
In this, four windows are contriv'd, that strike
To the four winds oppos'd, their beams oblique.
A steer of two years old they take, whose head
Now first with burnish'd horns begins to spread :
They stop his nostrils, while he strives in vain
To breathe free air, and struggles with his pain.
Knock'd down, he dies : His bowels bruis'd within,
Betray no wound on his unbroken skin.
Extended thus, in this obscene abode,
They leave the beast ; but first sweet flow'rs are strow'd
Beneath his body, broken boughs and thyme,
And pleasing casia, just renew'd in prime.
This must be done, ere spring makes equal day,
When western winds on curling waters play :
Ere painted meads produce their flow'ry crops,
Or swallows twitter on their chimney tops.

The tainted blood, in this close prison pent,
 Begins to boil and thro' the bones ferment.
 Then, wond'rous to behold, new creatures rise,
 A moving mass at first, and short of thighs;
 'Till shooting out with legs, and imp'd with wings,
 The grubs proceed to bees with pointed stings:
 And more and more affecting air, they try
 Their tender pinions, and begin to fly;
 At length, like summer-storms from spreading clouds,
 That burst at once, and pour impetuous floods;
 Or flights of arrows from the Parthian bows,
 When from afar they gall embattel'd foes;
 With such a tempest thro' the skies they steer;
 And such a form the winged squadrons bear.

What god, O Muse! this useful science taught?
 Or by what man's experience was it brought?

Sad Aristaeus from fair Tempe fled,
 His bees with famine, or diseases dead:
 On Peneus' banks he stood, and near his holy head.
 And while his falling tears the stream supply'd,
 Thus mourning, to his mother goddess cry'd.
 Mother Cyrene, mother, whose abode
 Is in the depth of this immortal flood;
 What boots it, that from Phoebus' loins I spring,
 The third by him and thee from heav'n's high king?
 O! where is all thy boasted pity gone,
 And promise of the skies to thy deluded son?
 Why didst thou me, unhappy me, create,
 Odious to gods, and born to bitter fate?
 Whom, scarce my sheep, and scarce my painful
 The needful aids of human life allow; [plough,
 So wretched is thy son, so hard a mother thou.

Proceed, inhuman parent in thy scorn;
Root up my trees, with blights destroy my corn;
My vineyards ruin, and my sheepfolds burn.
Let loose thy rage, let all thy spite be shown,
Since thus thy hate pursues the praises of thy son.
But from her mossy bow'r below the ground,
His careful mother heard the plaintive sound;
Encompass'd with her sea-green sisters round.
One common work they ply'd: Their distaffs full
With carded locks of blue Milesian wool.
Spio with Drymo brown, and Xanthe fair,
And sweet Phyllodoce with long dishevel'd hair:
Cydippe with Licorias, one a maid,
And one that once had call'd Lucina's aid.
Clio and Beroe, from one father both,
Both girt with gold, and clad in party-colour'd cloth.
Opis the meek, and Diopeia proud;
Nisaea softly, with Ligaea loud;
Thalia joyous, Ephyre the sad,
And Arethusa once Diana's maid,
But now, her quiver left, to love betray'd.
To these, Clymene the sweet theft declares,
Of Mars, and Vulcan's unavailing cares;
And all the rapes of gods, and ev'ry love,
From ancient Chaos down to youthful Jove.

Thus while she sings, the sisters turn the wheel,
Empty the wooly rock, and fill the reel.

A mournful sound again the mother hears;
Again the mournful sound invades the sisters ears.
Starting at once from their green seats, they rise;
Fear in their heart, amazement in their eyes.

But Arethusa leaping from her bed,
First lifts above the waves her beauteous head;
And, crying from afar, thus to Cyrene said.
O sister! not with causeless fear posselt,
No stranger voice disturbs thy tender breast,
'Tis Aristaeus, 'tis thy darling son,
Who to his careless mother makes his moan.
Near his paternal stream he sadly stands,
With downcast eyes, wet cheeks, and folded hands:
Upbraiding heav'n from whence his lineage came,
And cruel calls the gods, and cruel thee, by name.

Cyrene mov'd with love, and seiz'd with fear,
Cries out, conduct my son, conduct him here:
'Tis lawful for the youth, deriv'd from gods,
To view the secrets of our deep abodes.
At once she wav'd her hand on either side,
At once the ranks of swelling streams divide.
Two rising heaps of liquid crystal stand,
And leave a space betwixt of empty sand.
Thus safe receiv'd, the downward track he treads,
Which to his mother's watry palace leads.
With wond'ring eyes he views the secret store
Of lakes, that, pent in hollow caverns, roar.
He hears the crackling sound of coral woods,
And sees the secret source of subterranean floods:
And where, distinguish'd in their sev'ral cells,
The fount of Phasis, and of Lycus dwells;
Where swift Enipeus in his bed appears,
And Tiber his majestic forehead rears.
Whence Anio flows, and Hypanis, profound,
Breaks through th' opposing rocks with raging sound:

Where Po first issues from his dark abodes,
 And, awful in his cradle, rules the floods:
 Two golden horns on his large front he wears,
 And his grim face a bull's resemblance bears.
 With rapid course he seeks the sacred main,
 And fattens, as he runs, the fruitful plain.

Now at the court arriv'd, th' admiring son
 Beholds the vaulted roofs of pory stone;
 Now to his mother-goddeſs tells his grief,
 Which ſhe with pity hears, and promiſes relief.
 Th' officious nymphs, attending in a ring,
 With waters drawn from their perpetual ſpring,
 From earthly dregs his body purify,
 And rub his temples, with fine towels, dry:
 Then load the tables with a lib'ral feaſt;
 And honour with full bowls their friendly gueſt.
 The ſacred altars are involv'd in ſmoke,
 And the bright quire their kindred gods invoke.
 Two bowls the mother fills with Lydian wine;
 'Then thus, Let theſe be pour'd, with rites divine,
 To the great authors of our wat'ry line.
 'To father Ocean, this; and this, ſhe ſaid,
 Be to the nymphs his ſacred ſiſters paid, [ſhade.
 Who rule the wat'ry plains, and hold the woodland
 She ſprinkl'd thrice with wine the veſtal fire;
 Thrice to the vaulted roof the flames aſpire.
 Rais'd with ſo bleſt an omen, ſhe begun,
 With words like theſe, to chear her drooping ſon.
 In the Carpathian bottom makes abode
 The ſhepherd of the ſeas, a prophet and a god:
 High o'er the main in wat'ry pomp he rides;
 His azure car and finny courſers guides:

Proteus his name : To his Pallenian port,
I see from far the weary god resort.
Him, not alone, we river-gods adore,
But aged Nereus hearkens to his lore.
With sure foresight, and with unerring doom,
He sees what is, and was, and is to come.
'This Neptune gave him, when he gave to keep
His scaly flocks that graze the wat'ry deep.
Implore his aid, for Proteus only knows
The secret cause, and cure of all thy woes.
But first the wily wizard must be caught,
For unconstrain'd he nothing tells for naught ;
Nor is with pray'rs, or bribes, or flatt'ry bought.
Surprise him first, and with hard fetters bind ;
Then all his frauds will vanish into wind.
I will myself conduct thee on thy way,
When next the southing sun inflames the day :
When the dry herbage thirsts for dews in vain,
And sheep, in shades, avoid the parching plain.
Then will I lead thee to his secret seat ;
When, weary with his toil, and scorch'd with heat,
The wayward fire frequents his cool retreat,
His eyes with heavy slumbers overcast ;
With force invade his limbs, and bind him fast.
Thus surely bound ; yet be not over bold,
The slip'ry god will try to loose his hold ;
And various forms assume, to cheat thy sight ;
And with vain images of beasts affright ;
With foamy tusks will seem a bristly boar ;
Or imitate the lion's angry roar ;
Break out in crackling flames, to shun thy snares ;
Or hiss a dragon, or a tiger stares :

Or with a wile, thy caution to betray,
 In fleeting streams attempt to slide away.
 But thou, the more he varies forms, beware
 To strain his fetters with a stricter care :
 'Till tiring all his arts, he turns again
 To his true shape, in which he first was seen.

This said, with nectar she her son anoints ;
 Infusing vigour thro' his mortal joints :
 Down from his head the breathing odours ran :
 He breath'd of heav'n, and look'd above a man.

Within a mountain's hollow womb, there lies
 A large recess, conceal'd from human eyes ;
 Where heaps of billows, driv'n by wind and tide,
 In form of war their wat'ry ranks divide ;
 And there, like centries set, without the mouth abide
 A station safe for ships, when tempests roar,
 A silent harbour, and a cover'd shore.
 Secure within resides the various god,
 And draws a rock upon his dark abode.

Hither with silent steps, secure from sight, [light ;
 The goddess guides her son, and turns him from the
 Herself, involv'd in clouds, precipitates her flight.

'Twas noon ; the sultry dog-star from the sky
 Scorch'd Indian swains, the shrivell'd grass was dry ;
 The sun with flaming arrows pierc'd the flood,
 And, darting to the bottom, bak'd the mud :
 When weary Proteus, from the briny waves,
 Retir'd for shelter to his wonted caves :
 His finny flocks about their shepherd play,
 And rolling round him, spurt the bitter sea.
 Unwieldily they wallow first in ooze ;
 Then in the shady covert seek repose.

Himself their herdsman, on the middle mount,
 'Takes of his muster'd flocks a just account.
 So, seated on the rock, a shepherd's groom
 Surveys his ev'ning flocks returning home :
 When lowing calves, and bleating lambs, from far,
 Provoke the prowling wolf to nightly war.
 'Th' occasion offers, and the youth complies :
 For scarce the weary god had clos'd his eyes,
 When rushing on, with shouts, he binds in chains
 The drowfy prophet, and his limbs constrains.
 He, not unmindful of his usual art,
 First in dissembled fire attempts to part :
 Then roaring beasts, and running streams he tries,
 And wearies all his miracles of lies :
 But having shifted ev'ry form to 'scape,
 Convinc'd of conquest, he resum'd his shape :
 And thus, at length, in human accent spoke.
 Audacious youth, what madness cou'd provoke
 A mortal man t' invade a sleeping god ?
 What bus'ness brought thee to my dark abode ?

To this, th' audacious youth : 'Thou know'st full well
 My name, and bus'ness, god, nor need I tell :
 No man can Proteus cheat; but Proteus leave
 Thy fraudulent arts, and do not thou deceive.
 Following th' gods command, I come t' implore
 Thy help, my perish'd people to restore.

The seer, who could not yet his wrath assuage,
 Roll'd his green eyes, that sparkl'd with his rage ;
 And gnash'd his teeth, and cry'd, No vulgar god
 Pursues thy crimes, nor with a common rod.
 Thy great misdeeds have met a due reward ;
 And Orpheus' dying pray'rs at length are heard.

For crimes, not his, the lover lost his life ;
 And at thy hand requires his murder'd wife :
 Nor (if the fates assist not) canst thou scape
 The just revenge of that intended rape.
 To shun thy lawless lust, the dying bride,
 Unwary, took along the river's side :
 Nor, at her heels perceiv'd the deadly snake,
 That kept the bank, in covert of the brake.
 But all her fellow-nymphs the mountains tear
 With loud laments, and break the yielding air :
 The realms of Mars remurmur'd all around,
 And echoes to th' Athenian shores rebound.
 Th' unhappy husband, husband now no more,
 Did on his tuneful harp his loss deplore,
 And sought his mournful mind with music to restore. }
 On thee, dear wife, in desarts all alone, }
 He call'd, sigh'd, sung ; his griefs with day begun ; }
 Nor were they finish'd with the setting sun. }
 Ev'n to the dark dominions of the night,
 He took his way, thro' forests void of light :
 And dar'd amidst the trembling ghosts to sing,
 And stood before th' inexorable king.
 Th' infernal troops like passing shadows glide,
 And, list'ning, crowd the sweet musician's side.
 Not flocks of birds when driv'n by storms, or night,
 Stretch to the forest with so thick a flight.
 Men, matrons, children, and th' unmarried maid ; }
 * The mighty heroe's more majestic shade ; }
 And youths on fun'ral piles before their parents laid. }

* This whole line is taken from the Marquis of
 Normanby's Translation.

All these Cocytus bounds with squalid reeds,
With muddy ditches, and with deadly weeds:
And baleful Styx encompasses around,
With nine slow circling streams, th' unhappy ground.
Ev'n from the depths of hell the dam n'd advance;
Th' infernal mansions nodding seem to dance;
The gaping three-mouth'd dog forgets to snarl;
The furies hearken, and their snakes uncurl:
Ixion seems no more his pains to feel,
But leans attentive on his standing wheel.

All dangers past, at length the lovely bride,
In safety goes, with her melodious guide;
Longing the common light again to share,
And draw the vital breath of upper air:
He first, and close behind him follow'd she;
For such was Proserpine's severe decree.
When strong desires th' impatient youth invade;
By little caution and much love betray'd,
A fault which easy pardon might receive,
Were lovers judges, or cou'd hell forgive:
For near the confines of ethereal light,
And longing for the glimm'ring of a sight,
Th' unwary lover cast his eyes behind,
Forgetful of the law, nor master of his mind.
Streight all his hopes exhal'd in empty smoke;
And his long toils were forfeit for a look.
Three flashes of blue light'ning gave the sign
Of cov'nants broke; three peals of thunder join.
Then thus the bride: What fury seiz'd on thee,
Unhappy man! to lose thyself and me?
Dragg'd back again by cruel destinies,
An iron slumber shuts my swimming eyes.

And now farewell, involv'd in shades of night,
For ever I am ravish'd from thy sight.
In vain I reach my feeble hands to join
In sweet embraces; ah! no longer thine!
She said, and from his eyes the fleeting fair
Retir'd, like subtile smoke dissolv'd in air;
And left her hopeless lover in despair.
In vain, with folding arms, the youth essay'd
To stop her flight, and strain the flying shade:
He prays, he raves, all means in vain he tries,
With rage inflam'd, astonish'd with surprise;
But she return'd no more to bless his longing eyes.
Nor wou'd th' infernal ferryman once more
Be brib'd, to waft him to the farther shore.
What should he do, who twice had lost his love?
What notes invent, what new petitions move?
Her soul already was consign'd to fate,
And shiv'ring in the leaky sculler fat.
For sev'n continu'd months, if Fame say true,
The wretched swain his sorrows did renew:
By Strymon's freezing streams he sat alone;
The rocks were mov'd to pity with his moan:
Trees bent their heads to hear him sing his wrongs;
Fierce tygers couch'd around, and loll'd their fawning
tongues.

So, close in poplar shades, her children gone,
The mother nightingale laments alone:
Whose nest some prying churl had found, and thence,
By stealth convey'd th' unfeather'd innocence.
But she supplies the night with mournful strains;
And melancholy music fills the plains.

Sad Orpheus thus his tedious hours employs,
 Averse from Venus and from nuptial joys.
 Alone he tempts the frozen floods, alone
 Th' unhappy climes, where spring was never known;
 He mourn'd his wretched wife, in vain restor'd;
 And Pluto's unavailing boon deplor'd.

The Thracian matrons, who the youth accus'd
 Of love disdain'd, and marriage-rites refus'd;
 With furies and nocturnal orgies fir'd,
 At length against his sacred life conspir'd.
 Whom even the savage beasts had spar'd they kill'd;
 And strew'd his mangl'd limbs about the field.
 Then, when his head, from his fair shoulders torn,
 Wash'd by the waters, was on Hebrus borne;
 Ev'n then his trembling tongue invok'd his bride;
 With his last voice, Eurydice, he cry'd;
 Eurydice the rocks and river-banks reply'd.
 This answer Proteus gave; no more he said,
 But in the billows plung'd his hoary head;
 And where he leap'd, the waves in circles widely
 spread.

The nymph return'd, her drooping son to cheer,
 And bade him banish his superfluous fear:
 For now, said she, the cause is known, from whence
 Thy woe succeeded, and for what offence:
 The nymphs, companions of th' unhappy maid,
 This punishment upon thy crimes have laid;
 And sent a plague among thy thriving bees.
 With vows and suppliant pray'rs their pow'rs appease:
 The soft Napæan race will soon repent
 Their anger, and remit the punishment.

The secret in an easy method lies;
Select four brawny bulls for sacrifice,
Which on Lycaeus graze without a guide;
Add four fair heifers yet in yoke untry'd:
For these four altars in their temple rear;
And then adore the woodland pow'rs with pray'r.
From the slain victims pour the streaming blood,
And leave their bodies in the shady wood:
Nine mornings thence Lethæan poppy bring,
T' appease the manes of the poets king:
And, to propitiate his offended bride,
A fatted calf and a black ewe provide:
This finish'd, to the former woods repair.
His mother's precepts he performs with care;
The temple visits, and adores with pray'r.
Four altars raises, from his herd he culls,
For slaughter, four the fairest of his bulls;
Four heifers, from his female store he took,
All fair, and all unknowing of the yoke.
Nine mornings thence, with sacrifice and pray'rs,
The pow'rs aton'd, he to the grove repairs.
Behold a prodigy! for from within
The broken bowels, and the bloated skin,
A buzzing noise of bees his ears alarms,
Straight issue through the sides assembling swarms:
Dark as a cloud they make a wheeling flight,
Then on a neighb'ring tree descending light:
Like a large cluster of black grapes they show,
And make a large dependence from the bough.
Thus have I sung of fields, of flocks, and trees,
And of the waxen work of lab'ring bees;

While mighty Caesar, thund'ring from afar,
Seeks on Euphrates' banks the spoils of war:
With conqu'ring arts asserts his country's cause;
With arts of peace the willing people draws:
On the glad earth the golden age renews,
And his great father's path to heav'n pursues.
While I at Naples pass my peaceful days,
Affecting studies of less noisy praise;
And bold, through youth, beneath the beechen shade,
The lays of shepherds, and their loves, have plaid.

THE END OF THE FIFTH VOLUME.

While mighty Caesar, thus lay slain,
Socks on his knees, and the folds of his
With courage and effort, his country's cause;
With arms of peace the willing people draws:
On the right with the golden age renew,
And his great father's name to have a number.
I shall be the first to pay tribute, days,
A nation's heart of love and prayer;
And hold the youth, beneath the banner of
The flag of freedom, and the love, have slain.

THE END OF THE FIFTH VOLUME.



Vergilius Maro, Publius, v70-v19

The Works Of Virgil In Three Volumes

Bd.: 1

Edinburgh (1773)

P.o.angl. 284-13

urn:nbn:de:bvb:12-bsb10748233-4